MARCH 31 — APR. 6, 1979

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Eve's Weekly

TING ALONG
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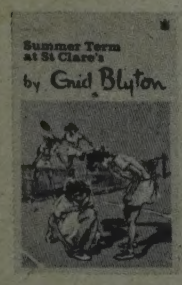
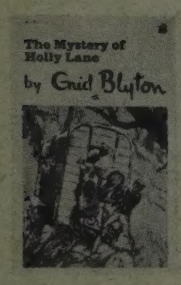
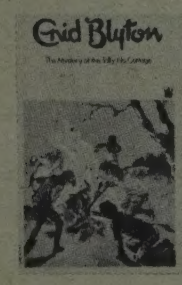
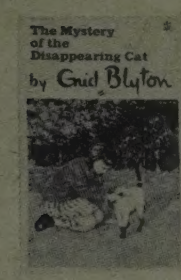
Bata

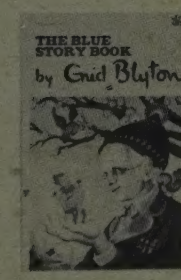
a good deal more than good shoes

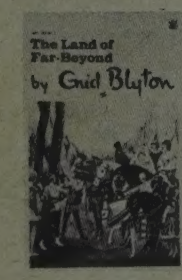


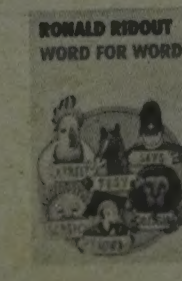












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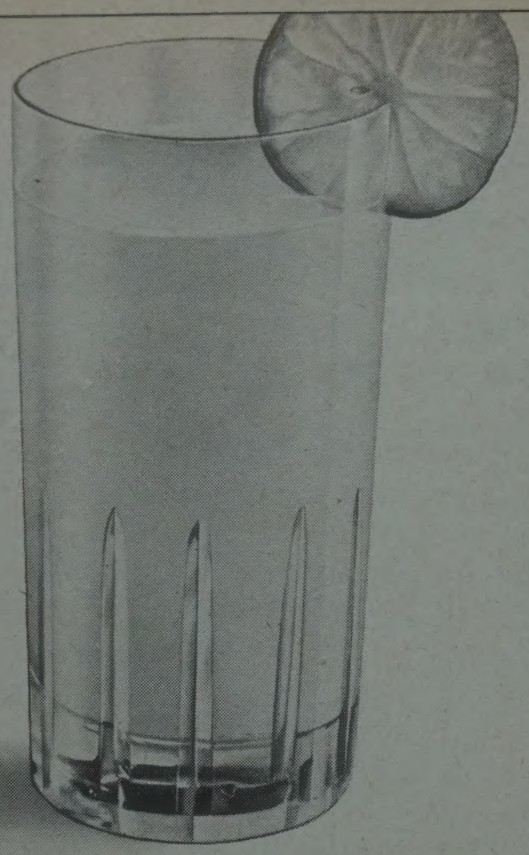

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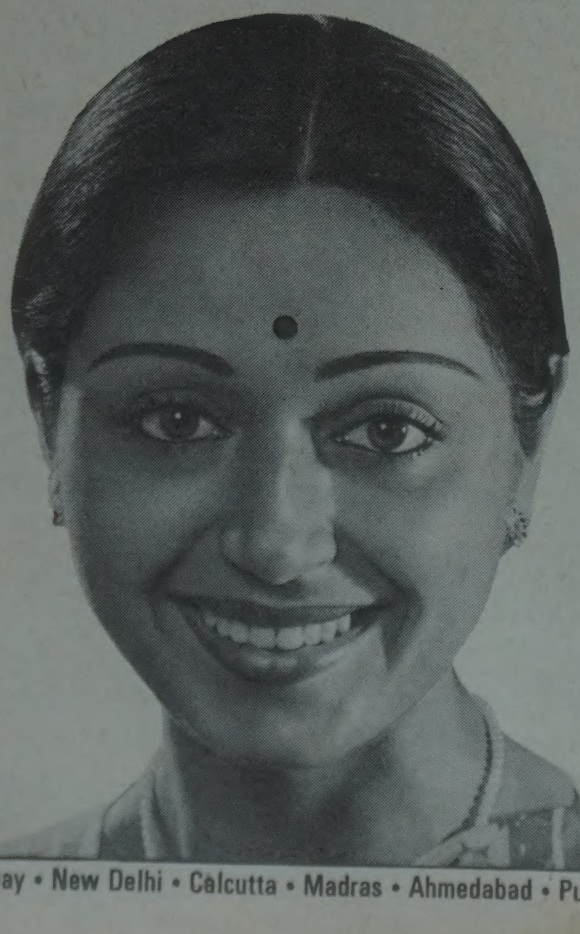

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NALINI RAMESH

Born in Madras on September 27, 1958. Studied at the Nazareth Convent High School, Ootacamund, and completed ISC from the Holy Angel Convent, Madras. Secured medals in English Literature and Hindi. Did B.A. (Public Relations) from Stella Maris College, Madras. Now married and living in Calcutta. Enjoys cooking, loves reading and music and plays the piano and the guitar. Has won prizes in flower arrangement. Plans to do interior decoration and start a nursery school at home.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

VOL. XXXIII NO.13 BOMBAY

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THE MOTHER PERSON

In all the hundreds of books about baby care, little attention has been paid to the mother as a human being, the anxieties and fears that becoming a parent may hold for her and the changes a baby will bring to her life and relationships. Excerpts from a new book addressed specifically to the woman in a mother.
Page 10.

GETTING ALONG WITH MOTHER-IN-LAW

The traditional image of the mother-in-law is so negative that most brides enter the relationship expecting the worst and this probably contributes towards souring it.
Page 12.

CHILD ARTISTS

The winners of our children's drawing competition.
Page 14.

LIVING WITHOUT ARMS

A photo feature about a woman who has conquered her physical handicap with ingenuity.
Page 22.

THE UGLY MESSAGE OF THE VIRGINITY TEST

The infamous "virginity test" at Heathrow is but the tip of the iceberg of racism in Britain today.
Page 19.

ALSO

Hindi does not need an advocate: A point of view — **Page 16** Film Interviews: Neetu Singh and her mother — **Page 43** Artist in Profile: Damayanti Chawla — **Page 37** Sand Through My Fingers: Part II — **Page 26** Paper Pattern Instructions — **Page 45** Profile: Padma Char — **Page 51.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Comics/**21**, Fashion/**28**, Book Nook/**31**, News Bulletin/**38**, Short Story/**39**, Passing Through/**45**, People & Events/**52**, Horoscope/**54**.

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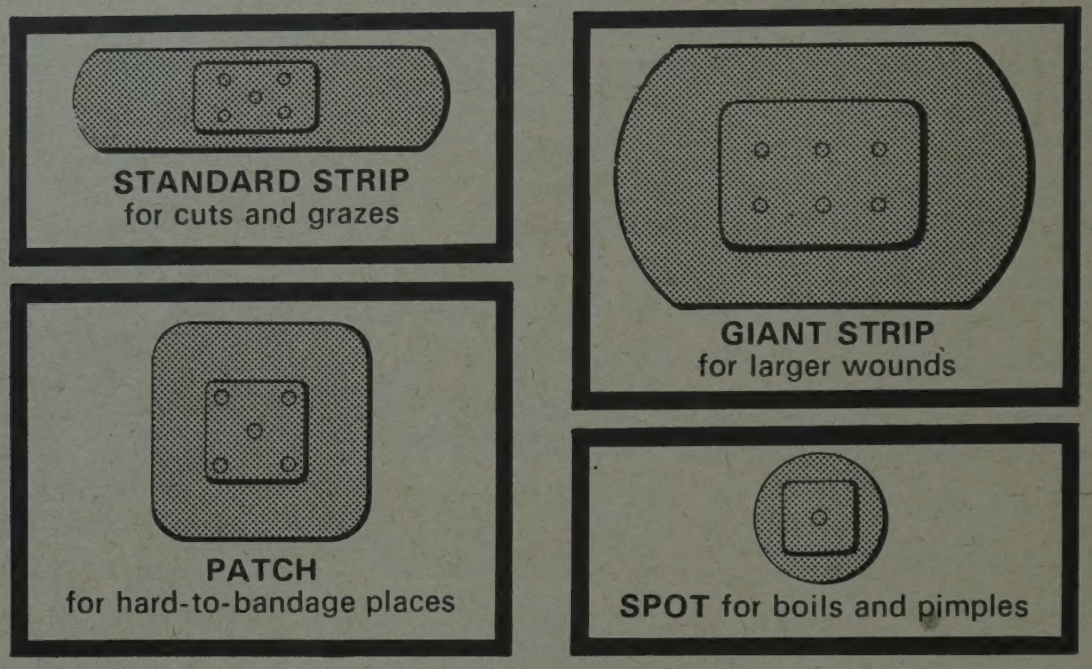

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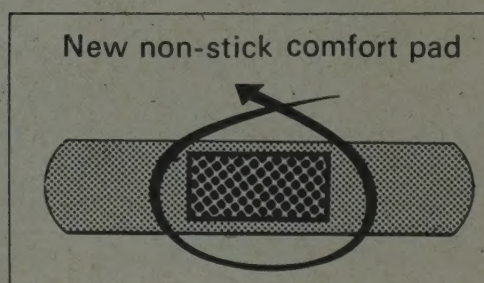

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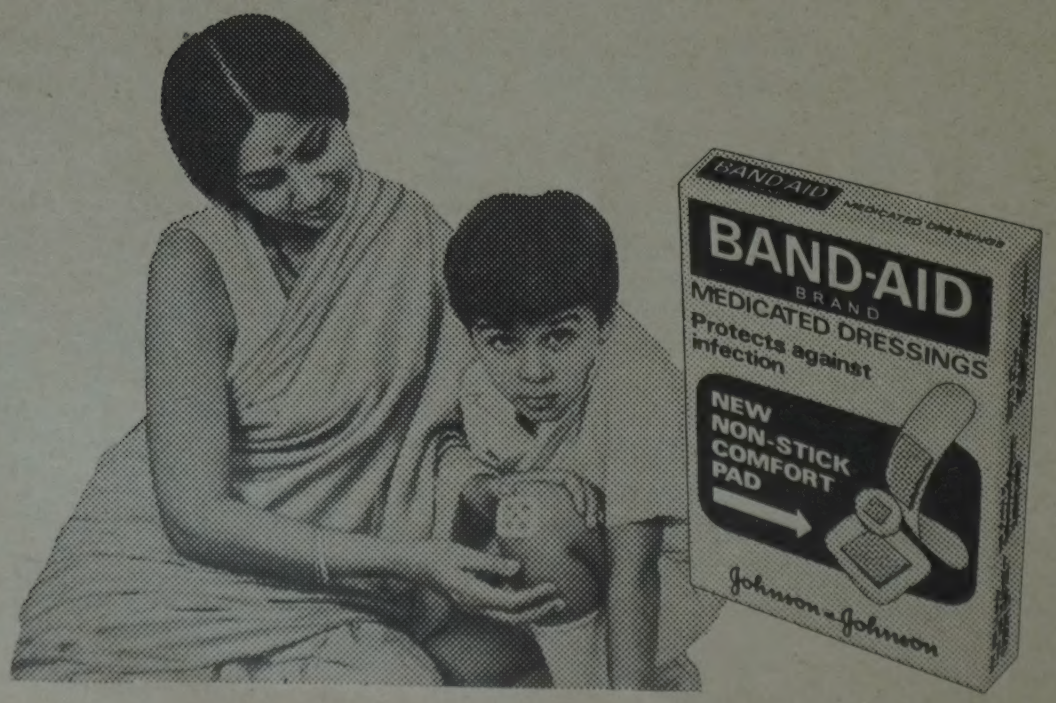

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

A CHILD IS BORN . . .

I am a medico, studying in a women's medical college. I have witnessed innumerable women perspiring, writhing in desperate agony, clutching hard at the iron frames of the narrow hospital beds . . . some in mute silence, clenching their teeth in obstinate egotism, others voicing their agony through womanly curses. These are women in labour — some probably experiencing it for the seventh or even the eighth time.

I have admired these uneducated, illiterate women for their mettle. In spite of undergoing such torture, there is a gleam of hope and expectancy in their eyes when finally the ordeal is over. They beam in contented pleasure for having achieved another goal. They have served to bring one more human being into this world. If it happens to be a boy, they exude joy, but if it is a girl, their smile freezes and their eyes become fearful, "...he will beat me now", I have heard some of them mutter. Emerging from their painful ordeal, all they ask is, "Doctor, how is my child?"

Such selflessness . . . such love . . . And now about the fathers-to-be.

It is a lucky woman, indeed, who has a husband waiting outside for the delivery. More often than not the big, strong, unbridled males will be out celebrating the day at a 'theka' (liquor-shop) irrigating their throats with gallons of illicit liquor. In cases of major blood loss, if these husbands are approached for blood donation, some disown their wives and quietly slip away (believe it or not, it is true), while some others fake illness and a few of them are honest enough to admit, "Let her die, I can get another wife . . . but I won't get my blood back . . . and, doctor, save the child if it is a boy."

This is not mere imagination, it is a routine in all hospitals in India. Who is to be blamed for this?

BALESH GUPTA, Delhi

There shouldn't be any question of blame, really. These men feel fulfilled by the very act of impregnating their wives regularly. That there might be a bonus of boy-babies is another matter. The trouble is, the women feel fulfilled, too — they consider it their destiny to become mothers several times over. If the men are callous, and the women bovine, there is not much one can say . . .

2nd PRIZE

IN TIMES OF CRISIS . . .

Recently my sister lost her husband. Soon thereafter her son, 22, left the house to set up his own establishment. Relatives were shocked; the mother was doubly heartbroken. She then set her hopes on the second son. My sister, just turned forty, is able-bodied and intelligent. Yet her natural instincts were to turn to her young son for support.

As a working woman, it was painful for me to witness her reaction. But many would consider this normal. After all traditionally in our country a woman in her childhood is looked after by her father, later on the obligation is passed on to the husband, and in crisis the son takes over.

It is, therefore not surprising that in spite of the mounting momentum of the feminist movement, quite a few women tend to lean on others. Liberation does not mean being fashionable in one's dress and habits, marching in processions, or working in an office. It is more than these outward manifestations. It means an attitude of the mind — to feel free to rise or fall by one's own decision. To have the dignity and an inner strength to establish one's identity — so that a wife shares her husband's responsibilities; a bachelor girl leads a meaningful existence without rancour or embarrassment; a widow becomes self-supporting.

It is only when the woman acquires confidence for the responsibilities and the inconveniences of her liberation will she blossom forth as a dignified individual.

LAL, Bombay

It is not always easy to let go of props, when there is a crisis or a calamity. A woman — especially an older woman — is often bewildered and scared to face the world alone, particularly when she has not been used to it. However, it's got to be done and while we cannot expect it of the over-40s, we are sure that the younger generations of wives and mothers will look the world in the eye with an "I, Me and Myself" confidence.

3rd PRIZE

TOWARDS PEACEFUL TRAVELLING . . .

Travelling in the first class ladies' compartment from Churchgate towards the suburbs after 7.00 p.m. has become a source of tremendous irritation and annoyance. This is because the men come charging into the compartment, usurping all the seats, and leaving just the barest minimum space available for the ladies. These seats are occupied at Churchgate itself, so that ladies entering the compartment, at the intermediate stations, are forced to travel standing. The men refuse to vacate their seats even when requested to do so. The bolder, more daring ladies promptly pull the chain and stop the train, but are later reprimanded by the Railway Police, for unnecessarily delaying the train. After the chaos and confusion has subsided, the men still don't get off and at the next station the same situation prevails.

Outside the compartment, there is a notice clearly stating that the men may enter the compartment only after 7.30 p.m. (as against 9.00 p.m. in the second class compartment). However, they begin to pour in around 7.00 p.m. itself. Besides it is understood that they may sit down only if there are no ladies standing, and that they should vacate their seats, when the ladies come in. But these implications are completely ignored. Though various signature campaigns have been started by the ladies, no action is being taken and the sorry situation persists. Will someone kindly explain why the Railway authorities are seemingly oblivious to the existing situation?

If something could be done immediately, it would go a long way towards ensuring more peaceful travelling hours.

ROCHELLE D'SOUZA, Bombay

These days men seem to feel that since the women want emancipation, they have no business to ask for separate seats on buses and trains. And they would be right, except for the fact that it is the attitude of men which still necessitates the existence of reserved seats. If the men were not to tease and misbehave, if they were not to pass lewd remarks at women, if they were not to let their elbows and knees go wandering towards women's breasts and legs — then, indeed, there would be no need whatsoever for separate seats and compartments.

"A" PLUS

In order to put the smiles on the faces of the underprivleged children, do you need finance? Well, here is a suggestion. All the "Adults Only" films should be taxed double. With the extra revenue, you can build not only toy banks, a whole new paradise can be created. There is so much craze for the "A" pictures, that we will surely get enormous sums by way of tax which will help brighten the future of our little Olivers.

KAMALA RAJAMANI, Bangalore.

An A-1 idea! How are the exhibitors and others concerned going to take it?

Watch Out For

INDUSTRIAL TIMES

April 9, 1979

OUR HOSPITALS ARE SICK TOO!

An awareness of the professionalisation that modern management practices bring to Indian industry is of recent origin in India. It is unfortunate that our hospitals, which are a very crucial service-oriented sector, is still out of the purview of this science. A consciousness of the need is, however, slowly but surely emerging.

Dr. K. K. Anand,
who has devoted considerable time to researching on hospital management presents an in-depth study of the various issues confronting hospital management.

Meena S. Nemivant,
Our Staff Writer, interviews some hospital authorities who speak out on the constraints:

Dr. C. K. Deshpande,
Dean,
KEM Hospital and
G. S. Medical College

C. G. Joshi,
General Manager,
Bombay Hospital.

Dr. (Mrs.) Prabha Ramkrishnan,
Medical Superintendent,
Kasturba Hospital, and

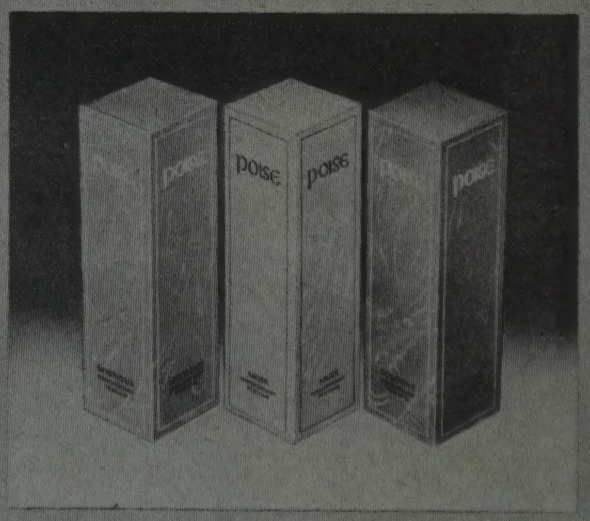
Dr. N. A. Siddiqi,
Chief Executive,
Prince Aly Khan Hospital.

These and a lot more in

INDUSTRIAL TIMES

April 9, 1979

Poise introduces three daring fragrances that say 'me'!



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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

THE LANGUAGE CONTROVERSY

Frankly, I don't understand this song and dance about the language problem (March 3 onwards). Where is the problem? Undeniably, all people can never be satisfied all the time and placing any language on the English pedestal will bring objections from the champions of other languages.

English already holds the coveted position of prestige and acceptability among the educated and the aspirants towards higher studies. English has established its position in offices, houses of justice and in establishments of science and technology. Why create teething problems by replacing it? If the only objection to English is that it is 'foreign' (a dubious one, all Indians love anything foreign) why not Indianise it (like the Americans have Americanised it) and give it another name?

Even China is encouraging English. Are we not foolish in stepping backwards in our zeal for Indianisation? We had princely states with numerous languages in the past till the British united us. Are we trying to fragment India again with local languages? Travelling from one state to another is already a terrific challenge to our linguistic capabilities. Why create more?

VEENA ADIGE, Nagpur.

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES

Your series of "Human Interest Stories" is another feather in your cap and makes your magazine more interesting, understanding, educating and encouraging. The latest one on Kumari Amudha was really very touching. I appreciate very much the outlook and the understanding attitude of the parents in her case. I am sure that after reading such stories, many parents who have children with some defects will get a lot of encouragement and will look after their children with more love and affection. A friend of mine who is the victim of such a gift of God read the last two articles that appeared in your weeklies, on my insistance, and he got lot of encouragement from them. The most appreciable difference that I have found in him after he had read the stories is his indifference towards his child, which has completely vanished. He has become more affectionate and loving to his child. Is that not a great achievement for you and your magazine? Please accept my warm congratulations for the service you are rendering to humanity as a whole.

PRABHAKAR S. HARSOLE, Indore.

TOURING HUSBANDS

It was interesting to read the article on touring husbands (March 3). I fully sympathize with the first category of women. I am a sufferer too and I abhor every moment of his touring. "Man doth not live by bread alone." Love, proximity, companionship — these count more for me. And why should we sacrifice these gifts of married life for the sake of our children? We stay away from each other so that our child has a bright future. And tomorrow what if this child turns around to say: "What of it? You did your duty"? All those years of painful separation would be laid to waste.

Much as I love my children, I love him more and want him near us. I'd rather have fewer luxuries, more togetherness.

"What doth it profit a man if he gains the world and suffers the loss of his own soul?" (soul here referring to the trust and love that develop within a family with closer contact and continuous proximity).

R. J. LAZARUS, Agra.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF APRIL 7

TOTAL REVOLUTIONARIES

An account of a handful of women among the thousands of people scattered all over Bihar who flung themselves into the 1974 Bihar Andolan. How did they get involved? Have they now lapsed back into acquiesence?

BLESSED SINGLEHOOD

A decade ago it would have been mortifying to be labelled a "spinster". It may still be so to some, but many women now are supremely happy in their blessed state of singleness. They say: far from being a cold storage prune, a spinster is lively, lovely, lusty; the genuinely emancipated female — a person first, a woman incidentally!

"JACKIE O "

Excerpts from a new book about the woman no one seems to know enough about — which promises to tell hitherto untold tales about Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

Plus all our regular features.

The Mother Person

'THE MOTHER PERSON' IS A BOOK WHICH SETS OUT TO MAKE UP FOR THE NEGLECT HITHERTO OF THE MOTHER AS A HUMAN BEING WITH FEARS, ANXIETIES AND PROBLEMS. IT FOCUSSES ON THE CHANGES THAT BECOMING A MOTHER MAY BRING. WE EXCERPT ONE CHAPTER FROM THE BOOK, BUT RECOMMEND THAT IT IS READ IN FULL BY PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS

"The Mother Person", written by Virginia Barber and Merrill Maguire Skaggs, is published by Sphere Books Limited and distributed in India by India Book House.

THE COUPLE— PLUS ONE

PART I

Human harmony is mostly hard work, and any woman and man who have composed lives together know about sour notes and lost chords. Add a third party, even (or especially) an infant, and the duet may become a mad mazurka. For many people, 'The change from couple to family is greater than the change from single to couple.' Language copes with the changes smoothly, dubbing us with new titles at the moment of that first squawl in the delivery room. Lovers, husband, wife, couple — the terms are obsolete and are replaced by baby, mother, father, parents, family. The terminology is easy, but the new dynamic of our relationships comes only from the accumulation of days with the baby.

Of course the new relationships depend partly on the nature of the old ones. As one father told us, 'I think it's impossible to discuss your sense of parenthood, or your situation with your children, without discussing the marriage. If a woman wants to have a more sensitive — and sensible — life than "traditional mother," whether she works or not, you can't isolate the two. Because if you're going to be a traditional wife, in the classical sense, then it's going to be virtually impossible to be a non-traditional mother. And the same is true of the father. If you're going to treat your wife in what have been culturally acceptable ways in the past, then you're almost certainly going to treat your children in a way that may be culturally acceptable but which will not point them in a direction where they're allowed many choices, and so on.'

In the kind of traditional marriage he spoke of, sex definitions aren't limited to gender but instead govern almost all aspects of the partners' lives, designating the male as dominant and the female, subservient, reaching firmly into such minutiae of our lives as who does what in and out of the house. **Such a traditional marriage habitually yields traditional parenthood and thus frequent unnecessary grief: for the mother if she values her personhood, for the father if he values his humanity, and for the child if we value the development of sturdy individuals.** These social patterns have been examined in The Second Sex by Simone de Beauvior, among others. The evidence of such studies agrees with the statement that 'the whole relationship between man and woman has to be reexamined and redefined before motherhood — and parenthood — will improve.' But even those who began their lives as a couple with questioning, experimental attitudes discover that 'becoming a family is unbelievably different.' Even a happily achieved 'open marriage' can begin to close up when a child arrives.

Partly the new demands are practical — a multiplication of home-front chores. Couples who prided themselves on sharing household duties in relaxed fashion may discover that family life requires military discipline. As one mother pointed out, 'Shopping together can be fun as a couple, but it's radicaly different from saying, "You do the laundry and I'll do the shopping."' Such perceptions are shared by many men, one of whom said, 'Children break up the division of labor. We had things worked out in our marriage, and then along came Aaron. We finally established a new routine and life style which was totally disrupted again when the second child arrived.' Another father made the same point: 'In a mo-

THE RAISON D'ETRE

. . .(Many) women don't agree on the definition and value of motherhood. Moreover, they are often ambivalent within themselves. But (most) agree on two crucial points: motherhood profoundly changed their lives; and the arrival of a child, even a second child, found them greatly unprepared — "Nobody told me." The lament is as old as mothering. If we hear it more often today, it is because women are at last talking to one another. . .

. . .The conception and rearing of a child is of (such) momentous significance, and being a parent is such a demanding, serious as well as pleasurable and rewarding role that no one should elect to become one without self-questioning. Perhaps in an earlier age — when the population explosion didn't seem a threat, or when an extended family lightened the mother's tasks, or when less available contraceptive devices made conception more a chance than a choice — childbearing could be treated casually. But. . .we believe it can no longer be regarded as if it were an event as natural and necessary as breathing.

If after self-examination a woman believes children are important to her happiness, then she certainly should have them, and blessings on her. But if she suspects they aren't so necessary, then valid options exist for her, if she has the courage to seize them. . .

dern marriage where both partners have jobs and have arrived at an informal division of household labors, the child's arrival is a blockbuster. Now it's difficult for the two of us to establish who does what.' Not only are such couples unable to share the chores — instead of dividing them — they must also formalize a once casual process. Increased demands and limited hours require partners to 'negotiate' a division of labor — or trap them in hostile confrontation — and the results often seem like a union contract.

Such mundane realities are not trivial in terms of the relationship between two people. Anything that occurs every day accumulates an emotional weight, and with a baby there is a multitude of new, monotonous events. **But of course the birth of a child announces much more than increased chores. Even though the general opinion among those we interviewed was that 'to have a child to try to strengthen the "couple" is nonsense,' nevertheless all were aware of new areas of pleasure which had opened up to them.** One mother spoke of her marriage as now being based on 'different matters.

Bill Payne

We're more mature, and we share good times and bad with a human being other than ourselves.'

Al, who had been a New York bachelor for ten years before his marriage, described one common positive effect of becoming a parent: 'When we were first married, we plunged into this maelstrom — and that's all you can say — of social activity. The second week we were married, we had twenty people for dinner. We very quickly fell into certain kinds of role playing. And Elaine had a hard time juggling all the roles she felt she ought to take on — you know, wife, lover, hostess, professional woman, all these things. I **think our son's birth really began to make us sort out our activities. We became more home oriented but this new life never became an unbearable routine. For me, personally, there was a calming effect; I didn't lead such a frenetic social life.'**. . .

. . .**'My obstetrician told me, "Remember this child must fit into your lives. Don't think you must change everything for her life.'** And at the time, I was very surprised. I don't think I had realised that a whole body of respectable opinion said the child had to bend to us. Unconsciously I had been dreading how much we were going to have to give up for the child, and it was a relief to be reminded that there would be some give and take.' Simple as it may sound, Lisa's realisation escapes some parents, perhaps most. The child dominates the lives of the adults around him with pernicious effect on all, including himself. Working out the balance, deciding who gives and who takes when, becomes a chief effort not always happily resolved.

At the other extreme from the child-dominated home, many couples believe they have failed to include their children in their lives. . .

. . .**(In) the nuclear family, a couple discovers that the birth of a child can weaken whatever intensity existed in their relationship.** True enough, a child is a tangible manifestation of their union: something 'sensible and sensitive and moving ahead' as one father said. On the other hand, a child is not simply something that grew out of them but also something that now stands between them, as children from age two literally choose to do. 'One thing children do that you can't possibly prepare yourself for is to intrude between you and your husband. A lot of time, it is deliberate.'

And the intrusion takes many forms. Most obviously, the child is a constant physical presence, causing one mother to voice plaintively what all have felt at times: **'I miss moments alone with my husband when I'm not dead-tired.'** Answering a child's needs consumes the energies of the mother at home, and too often, as one man complained, 'You get this bedraggled leftover at the end of the day. You were accustomed to coming home to find your wife dressed, a great meal under way, and an evening of quiet talk ahead.' That quiet talk shrinks in size and gets scheduled later and later until it's 'pillow talk.'. . .

. . . The hours that the couple once spent together — over meals, for example — are not only shared now with others, but are different. Both partners are more tired and tense, and a conflict of interests occurs as working parents try to parcel out free moments to one another or to the child. . .

. . . One working mother explained, 'I'm so aware that I need to spend time with Sarah that I sometimes resent my husband's conversation as an intrusion. One night at dinner I caught myself being more interested in what our child was saying — she was trying to articulate something more important to her — than in what Mickey was saying. That was horrible to me. We were married six years without children and had a good friendship as well as marriage. We really had a lot to say to each other and we've never got back to where we were.'

Perhaps there is no going back, but a new relationship can be created, one large enough to encompass the baby. And we can remind ourselves that within a few years offspring will likely find parental company surpassingly dull, thus releasing mom

Continued on page 47

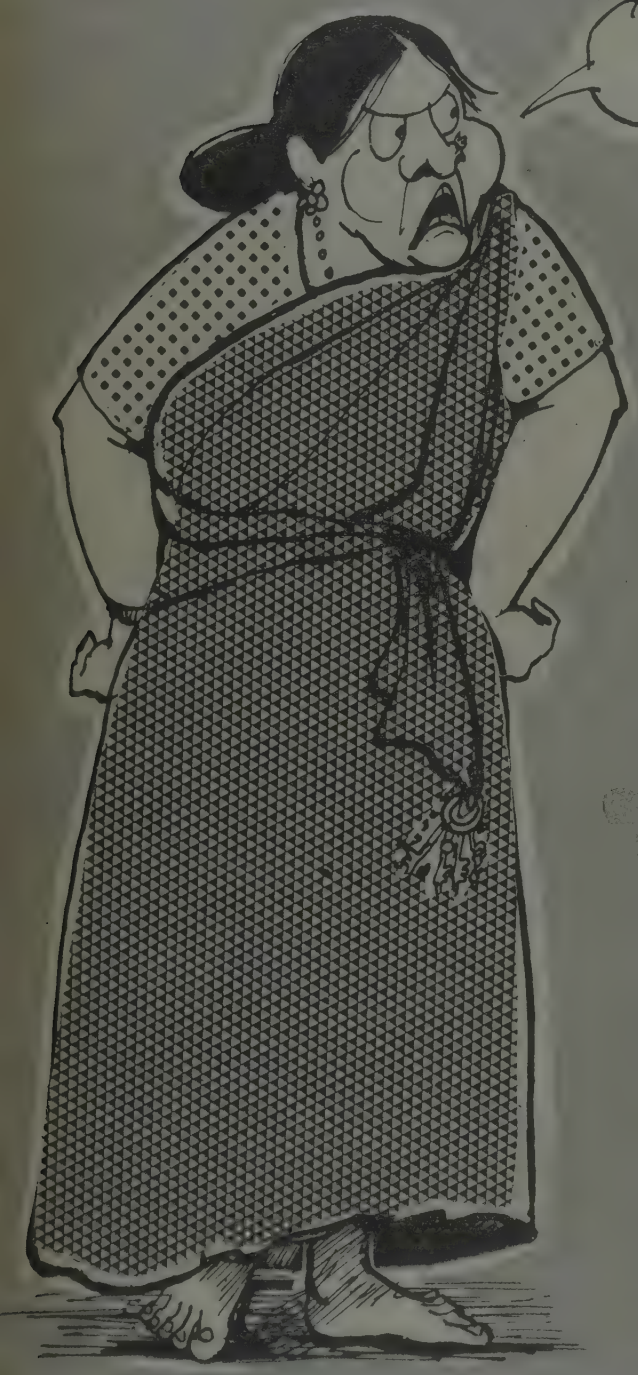
OF THE BOOK

. . .Those of us who have chosen to become mothers have differing attitudes towards our experience, but we do know that the years of greatest parental stress — in particular, the first three years — have been underdescribed, understudied and poorly understood. In two years of taping discussions with mothers of children ranging in age from newborn through five years old (all the mothers, even those with several children, had at least one child in this category), we heard again and again, 'Why didn't anybody tell me?' Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of books have been written about children — their growth, mental and physical development, needs, fears, anxieties, potential neuroses. There are also books outlining ideal behaviour patterns for parents coping with the difficulties of rearing children. For the new mother, however, there are two chief problems with all these books: they don't agree, and few of them are addressed to her as a person. **Only recently has any attention been paid to the mother's stages, fears, anxieties and problems. And so far, we believe, no book adequately analyzes the changes that becoming a mother may bring — changes in the woman's own self-concept or personality, in the realities of her daily life, in her relations with her husband and her community. And so this book evolved as an analytic description of 'mothering,' especially of infants and the preschool set. . .**

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

Shalini was peacefully having her morning cup of tea when in barged her husband and the sight of her so relaxed and content made him remark, "I wish you had a mother-in-law, then you would not be sitting pretty."

How we all grow up with the idea that mother-in-law are a species by themselves that cannot stand to see



their daughters-in-law peaceful, comfortable or contented. Actually Shalini, who had to cope with four men in the house, a father-in-law, a husband and two sons, often wished she **did** have a mother-in-law, a woman who could share her views, advise, guide and help her. Someone who could stand by her and appreciate a woman's point of view.

The mother-in-law/daughter-in-law relationship is as universal as marriage itself, unique because it starts off with a bundle of pre-conceived notions, prejudices, doubts and misgivings. Yet there is no woman who can escape this experience unless she by-passes marriage itself; more so in India where, in spite of the gradual break-up of the joint family, the family bonds are still strong and hard to break. Whether the family is joint or not the mother-in-law/daughter-in-law relationship is often very much dispirited. The mother-in-law is a universal target. In the West it is the men who have a thing about their mothers-in-law, nearer home it is the women who are apprehensive about theirs. The one thing that does not seem to be remembered is that every daughter-in-law will be a mother-in-law and every mother-in-law has been a daughter-in-law in turn.

DOUBLE STANDARDS

The "Family Welfare Agency" which also deals with a number of disturbed families faces the same problem and bears out the fact that in nearly 60 per cent of the cases the mother-in-law/daughter-in-law relationship is the crux of the discord. As these centres deal with the underprivileged and lower socio-economic groups there is a strong undercurrent of material dissatisfaction and a sense of general deprivation.

"Bapnu Ghar", an institution for women in social distress, deals with hundreds of marital discord case every year, provides temporary shelter to women who have problems with husbands, in-laws, etc., and also runs a Family Counselling Service for non-resident cases. Their report shows that in nearly 55 per cent of the marital discord cases the mother-in-law plays a major role.

As most of these cases are from lower and middle-income groups separate residence for the couple is not always a feasible solution.

Today in educated families the problem is less acute; with the extension of women's horizons the intensity of in-living gets dissipated. The disparities are also bridged by a better understanding and more liberal outlook. The equal rights crusade has also made a dent in the double standards within the family, double standards not only between men and women but between women and women also. (For example, what a daughter may do a daughter-in-law dare not — from the ghunghat of yesterday to the jeans of today the roles are not always the same. It is this discrimination that gives a sharper edge to the interpersonal relationship.

Indira was required to do most of the household work and also look after their little baby. She had been given charge of the kitchen. She would not have minded if she had been given a free hand in planning and policy making also, but no, she had only to carry out strictly the instructions from the high command — the mother-in-law. This made her feel more like a slave rather than the bahurani that she was supposed to be.

As a young girl she was very fond of dressing well, make-up, ornaments, all of which she had to give up in order to fall in line with the so called tradition of the family.

Now, her sister-in-law is engaged to be married soon. So the mother-in-law had second thoughts. When she visualised her own pampered darling daughter as someone's daughter-in-law, she prayed, hoped and wished —

"All I ask for is that she get a nice, loving, considerate, understanding mother-in-law, one who would treat her as her own daughter."

And Indira was tempted to say, "As nice a mother-in-law as you are."

AVOIDABLE SUFFERING

Things changed with the realization that each daughter-in-law is someone's daughter, on whom unconditional love has been showered by the parents for 20-odd years. The moment one can put oneself in the position of another and look at things from the opposite side the view changes.

The question arises: What constitute and perpetuates this vicious circle of unnecessary and avoidable suffering? When a bride enters the new household the responsibility rests with the in-laws to make her feel a part of the family, to see that she is at home

SYNDROME

EVERY MOTHER-IN-LAW HAS BEEN A BRIDE ONCE, AND EVERY BRIDE IN TURN WILL BE A MOTHER-IN-LAW. YET THERE IS UNIVERSAL HOSTILITY BETWEEN THE TWO ROLES. ALL THAT IS NEEDED TO AVOID THE SUFFERING IS A LITTLE UNDERSTANDING

Aruna Sheth

in this new 'home'. A girl that has suffered at the hands of her mother-in-law may either become a hardened mother-in-law herself or react by becoming over-loving, over-indulgent.

Daughters are wonderful always, daughters-in-law rarely so; mothers are personification of love. What happens when they become mothers-in-law? Should one conclude that a loving daughter or a mother will not remain the same once she becomes an in-law?

This is what an eminent psychiatrist has to say: "The mother-in-law/daughter-in-law relations pivot round a man, and basically no two women can share a man. The more attached a man is to his mother the more difficult it is to establish new relationships and vice versa. If the infantile oedipus complex has not been successfully resolved it is bound to create problems in later life."

Perhaps this is why many a man still looks forward to being mothered even by his wife.

During the wedding ceremony there is 'kanya dan' where the parents give away the daughter. If there was a reciprocal 'putra dan' it may solve a lot of problems. Mentally both the parents of the girl and boy have to realize that the couple cannot build a strong foundation of their life together unless they are left alone and released to some extent from their obligations as mere sons and daughters.

Usha, when she married, dreamt of a home of her own where she could do what she liked. Like all newly-weds, she entered a household of set traditions, food habits, ritual and a definite time-table. As she was the newcomer, a comparative stranger, the burden of adjustment fell on her shoulder. Every time she came up with a new suggestion she was confronted with "in our house this has been the custom for over 30 years. . ." She felt left out and thought: "can our home not be mine, my husband's, our children's?" But when she as much as hinted this to her husband, he was shocked. "I am their son, their only son, I can't leave them and go away, they depend on me," and so on. Usha was frustrated but dare she open her mouth in front of the in-laws?

Living together is not always a liability, if one can view the 'living' and the 'togetherness' in their correct perspective. This is what Kamla had to say: "I enjoy being with the joint family, it gives me so much of security and mobility. Once a few basic issues have ben discussed and understood and both respect the other's viewpoint there is no need for constant nagging. We never feel the children have a variety of elders to relate to and learn so much more about life and its vagaries at all levels. Sorrows are shared, joys multiplied; there is a constant give and take. That is there in all interpersonal relationships but we learn our lessons at home in a more loving and congenial atmosphere.

BONE OF CONTENTION

The strength of the family bonds has nothing to do with distance. Shirin, a mother-in-law, had been emotionally suffocated as a daughter-in-law by her overpowering mother-in-law, who gave her no room for the fulfilment of her individual desires. In her turn, she made up her mind not to get any of her sons married unless they could stand on their own feet, support a family and seek an independent household. She has never regretted her decision. She is still the virtual head of the family, her children and even grandchildren love and respect her, seek her guidance and advice, and are ever thankful for her understanding, consideration and moral support.

Let us not forget that a vital role is played by the son/husband who is the common factor and the bone of contention in the mother-in-law/daughter-in-law relationship. He is the one who must have his priorities right and be a diplomat so as to please the one without hurting the other. This should not be difficult when the three people are working towards a common goal — the achievement and maintenance of peace, harmony and happiness at home.

Take the case of Roma who had only recently joined the band of mothers-in-law. An educated career woman, she was looking forward to sharing the privileges with her daughter-in-law. She was proud of her loving son and could not see any reason for disruption of family ties just because he was married. But then it is never the major issues that are the cause of unhappiness, for major problems are easily spotted and tackled. It's the small incidents that built up the doubts and unpleasant resentment. "Shalini is grinding the masala with her hands, mummy. Don't we have an electric grinder, why not use it?" said the son one day. You have guessed right, Shalini is the pretty young wife.

A simple enough request but it set a train of thought in Roma's mind. For all these years, in spite of being a successful career woman she had also been a proud housewife and run the home efficiently. Servant or no servant, things got done in time. "I have been grinding the masala for years myself and not once did he think of me or my hands. Do men become more observant and considerate after marriage?" These undercurrents that tug at the heart are put in folk songs of Punjab that are sung during wedding ceremonies.

Continued on page 51

CHILD ARTISTS

1

2

3

1. **FIRST PRIZE:**
   "BEGGAR GIRL"
   By Satish Sabapathy,
   7 1/2 years.

2. **SECOND PRIZE:**
   "DOMESTIC WORK"
   by Jeyalakshimi,
   9 years.

3. **THIRD PRIZE:**
   "A CAR POLISH BOY"
   by Dennis Taraporewala,
   8 years.

The response to our children's drawing contest on the theme, "Children who work for a living", was heart-warming. The imagination, the talent and the riotous colour-sense revealed in the drawings received made selection of the winners very difficult for the three judges:
Mrs. Nargis Wadia,
Managing Director, Inter-Publicity Pvt. Ltd.,
Mr. Gerson da Cunha,
General Manager, Lintas India Ltd.,
and Mrs. Gulshan Ewing,
Editor, Eve's Weekly.

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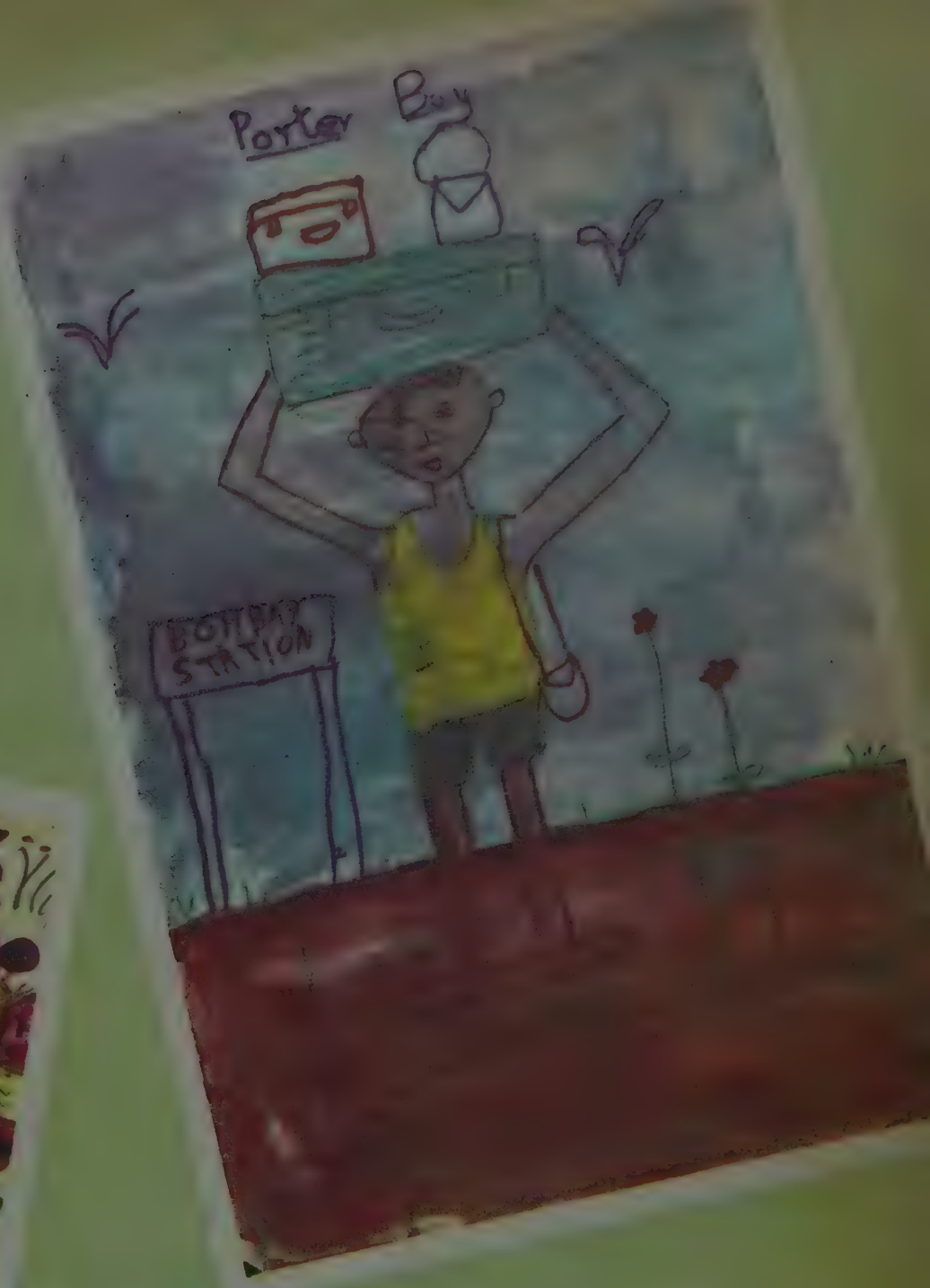

SPECIAL MENTION:
"BALLOON SELLER (BALLOON WALA)"
by G. Yamuna,
8 years.

SPECIAL MENTION:
"PORTER BOY"
by Kumar Ramakrishna,
7 years.

6. SPECIAL MENTION:
"A HAWKER"
by Ruma Nair,
10 years.

hindi

DOES NOT NEED AN ADVOCATE

God give us men! A time like this demands strong minds,

Great hearts, true faith and ready hands. . .

Men who possess opinions and a will,

Men who have honour; men who will not lie,

Men who can stand before a demagogue,

And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;

Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog,

In public duty and in private thinking.

For, while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,

Their large professions and their little deeds,

Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,

Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice steeps.

This is a plea that every Indian will make at a time like this. When we are facing such grave problems as famine and flood and unemployment and untouchability, a new problem has erupted — 'the language problem'.

Before going any further into the issue of merits and demerits of Hindi and advocating the case that "Hindi does not need an advocate", let us be frank about one issue: are we really serious about the changeover from English to Hindi or any of the Indian languages? Because, if not and we are satisfied with things as they are, let's forget about the 'language issue' and learn and master English with all the love and fervour of Prof. Higgins of **My Fair Lady!**

It would be contrary to history to deny that English had a great unifying influence on our country. It became a 'window' for us to get the fresh breeze of ideas and ideals of the modern age, modern institutions, and modern science and technology. Lord Macaulay had said: "Are we to keep the people of India ignorant in order that we may keep them submissive?

A NATION NEEDS A NATIONAL LANGUAGE

Or do we mean to awaken ambition and provide it with no legitimate vent? It may be that the public mind of India may expand our system until it has outgrown that system, that by good government we may educate our subjects into a capacity for better government, that having become instructed in European knowledge they may in some future age demand European institutions. Whether such a day will ever come, I know not. Whenever it comes it will be the proudest day in English history. The sceptre may pass away from us. Victory may be inconstant in our arms. But these are triumphs which are followed by no reverses. There is no empire exempt from all natural causes of decay. These triumphs are the pacific triumphs of reason over barbarism!"

This may sound a bit like a smug, pompous British imperialist's complaints about the 'white man's burden' and the uneasiness of the head that wears the crown. But still, there is no doubt about the benefits that India derived from the English education and the ideas and ideals that have been propagated through that medium.

Then why the change? The primary purpose of a language is to act as a means of communication, but it is much more than that. It is the respository of the culture, history and the traditions of the people who speak it. It is something closest to the most cherished sentiments of the people. It is therefore not surprising that the question of language arouses such violent passions. If a nation is what someone has described as "the house of thought that men have made that their minds may dwell together", then language is the medium through which this idea or thought is crystallized! So, as the idea of a 'nation' started taking shape in the Indian mind, was born also the idea of one national language, a lingua franca. Hindi became a natural choice, but since then it has had to face many battles!

ARGUMENTS AGAINST HINDI

1. Why consider English an alien language? We never had the tradition of a national language. So why not consider all the 14 listed languages as well as English as our national language?

2. Hindi now relies for its vocabulary primarily on Sanskrit and secondarily on other languages. The moment it enriches itself by becoming the adequate organ of the composite culture of India, then we may usefully discuss the possibility of its adoption as the official language.

3. Compared with Hindi, languages such as Bengali, Tamil, Telugu are more developed. Hindi has not attained that stage yet.

4. A comparison of the literature of Hindi with other major Indian languages also proves unfavourable to Hindi.

5. Progress in scientific, technical and other fields would be hampered if we try to get it through the medium of a half-developed language like Hindi in which translations of even basic books are not available.

6. Hasty eradication of English will cause the break-up of India.

THE ELITE NEED ENGLISH

These were the arguments put forward in the 1950s by people like C. P. Ramaswami Iyer and C. Rajagopalachari. And these are the arguments that are still being put forward.

Now let us consider the argument about not having a tradition of a national language, etc. Well, we did not also have the tradition of adult franchise, of social equality, of general education! We must recognise the limitations of the English language in the present India with its goals of becoming a Welfare State. It cannot be the voice of the masses. Our cultural and political future depends upon Hindi as the national language, for political strength and unity cannot reach that degree of intensity needed for survival in modern times, unless there is a universal medium bringing the masses into the national mainstream.

English education has succeeded in creating a class of people — mostly an anglicized minority, which has excluded itself from the masses. This minority is a powerful, vocal group which would like to

Right from the 13th century, Hindi has been used, though unofficially, as the lingua franca. It was used to express our urge for freedom against the British. And as for it being 'undeveloped' — a language can only develop when its use is accepted and encouraged

perpetuate the status quo, because otherwise they will have to face the dilemma of either becoming redundant or be extinct. The modern Tamil writer Ka Naa Subramaniyam has described the predicament of this class in one of his poems :

Introduced to
the Upanishads
by T S Eliot
and to Tagore
by the earlier
Pound;
and to the Indian
tradition by
Max Muller
(late of the Bhavan). . .
and to Indian
art by
What's his name. . .
Vociferous in
thoughts not
his own;
Eloquent in
words not
his own.

There was and still is a big misunderstanding about Hindi as a language and the richness of its literature. There are many educated people who ask: "What does Hindi have except one Tulsidas and one Surdas and of course that Maithili Sharan Gupta? Do they have a Rabindranath Tagore or a Thiruvalluvar? Most of the Hindi novels are copies of Bengali novels and most of the modern Hindi literature is nothing but back-door plagiarism — or rather transliteration of T. S. Eliot or Ezra Pound or Kafka." And then, there is the constant hue and cry about Hindi being difficult, because it is Sanskritized. Then there are the drawing-room jokes based on Dr. Raghvira's Hindi dictionary, quoted or misquoted!

Hindi is a live language and its history goes back to the 11th Century. Since then it has been — in its various local shades — the language of inter-state communication. Sanskrit remained the 'literary language', but Hindi had taken over the role of a lingua franca. From the 15th to 18th Century it really became the national language of India without any 'constitutional' sanctions. The age of the Bhakti Movement was the golden period of old Hindi! It was the age of Kabir, Tulsidas, Surdas and Meera. Was it a sheer coincidence that Guru Nanak from Punjab; Akha, Prannath from Gujarat; Namdev,

LANGUAGE GROWS ONLY WITH USE

Gyaneshwar, Eknath from Maharashtra; Swathi Thirunal from Kerala; Gondiya Vaishnavite saints from Bengal — all resorted to Hindi whenever they wanted their thoughts to spread across the frontiers of their own mother-tongues? The 18th Century brought in its wake such amenities as railways and printing presses. This was the period of awakening, the reshaping of many modern Indian languages, including Hindi. From Bharatendu Harishchandra — the father of modern Hindi literature — to this day, Hindi has voiced the fears, aspirations, despairs and hopes of the common man of India. From the 18th century onwards whenever any social reformer or political or cultural leader or any social institution wanted to reach the masses, they had to resort to Hindi. Mahatma Gandhi knew this truth and he took on himself the missionary work of spreading Hindi in all the corners of India.

Let us be frank about one thing. Whatever may be the statistics shown by educational departments and directorates about so many new words coined in Hindi, etc., it is certain that Hindi, and for that matter any other Indian language, is never going to be "as strong as English" because by then English would have grown a bit more! That is why at the outset I said let us take the decision whether we want any Indian language to substitute English. Because if we do, let us start putting it to use. The grammarians, the linguists would work side by side, and then by stumbling and walking the language will grow.

HALF-TRUTHS

The major argument against Hindi is that it would lead to disunity and the breaking up of India. In a recent article in a weekly magazine one leading southern journalist has expressed his grievences as to how his twenty-five years in the capital has left him with the feeling that he is a foreigner there without passport and visa, due to the imperialistic attitudes of the Hindi-wallahs. He also stated that Hindi is the language of only 25 per cent of India's population. All such statements are half-truths. Hindi was not selected as the national language because the majority spoke this language. The only consideration was and still is that if you believe that India should have one Indian language as the national language, then Hindi is the natural choice due to its historical background and linguistic advantages. And as far as the fear of disunity or breaking up of India is concerned, I feel that for that same reason Hindi is a must for India. Shankaracharya did not feel an alien in Kedarnath, Subramaniyam Bharati did not feel an alien in Kashi, Vivekananda did not feel an alien in Madras, Mahatma Gandhi did not feel an alien in any part of India— because all of them had the common goal of a glorious India. Religion does not teach hatred, languages do not alienate people.

THE LANGUAGE OF FREEDOM

I would quote Prof. V. V. John from his book **Education and Language Policy.** "Hindi is the largest of our linguistic units . . . during the years of national movement, it won for itself a certain emotonal adherence even outsde the Hindi-speaking area. . . Some Hindi spokesmen have during recent years done everything to destroy the memory of this historical association of the learning of Hindi with the nation's goals of freedom and unity. The acrimony over this issue has reached such a pitch that any proud lover of Hindi would ask the warring politicians to leave his mother-tongue alone. The true lovers of Hindi have not yet spoken. They will surely have no use for those who hope to trick or bully the rest of the country into learning their language. It is a fine and virile language and has no need of political stilts to heighten its status. Its natural advantages once made it acceptable to the whole country as its common second language. When the fanatics and the fools have departed, it will come into its own again and will be sought by the educated Indian for what it is — the language that Mahatma Gandhi commended for very practical reasons, the idiom through which the urge of our freedom was once voiced."

Time is the best judge. Hindi does not need any advocate.

'It's the bestest drink!'

Gold Spot

Layers of happiness

RAINBOW TREAT

Pour prepared lime jelly into individual long glasses till half full. Let it set in the fridge. Then add a little thick custard in each glass. Empty 2 bottles Gold Spot in ice-trays and let it harden in fridge. When set, remove and crush into bits. Just before serving top each glass with the crushed Gold Spot ice.

Looks too good to eat!

KEEP GOLD SPOT STOCKED AT HOME.
UNEXPECTED GUESTS DROP IN ANYTIME!

Creative Unit 4215

Gold Spot. The taste goes to your smile.

the ugly message of the virginity test

It is not just Asian women who are being treated as less than human by the British immigration authorities. More than sexism, racism is the message they so unabashedly preach

On February 2, 1979, many national dailies carried front-page reports of an incident at Heathrow Airport, London, that revealed the depths to which the British Home Office is prepared to sink to — ostensibly — prevent illegal immigration.

The incident that attracted such widespread notice was one in which a 35-year-old Indian woman, who had arrived in London to join and later marry her 40-year-old Indian fiance, was submitted to a "virginity test" to determine her bonafides as a fiancee.

Not only was she made to undergo a test that completely violated her privacy and even English criminal law*, but she was even refused the common courtesies she requested: that she be allowed to cover herself during the examination (she finally had to wait naked for twenty minutes for the doctor to arrive) and that she be examined by a woman doctor.

The validity of the test itself (its ability to prove or disprove pregnancy or even virginity) was called into question by a British gynaecologist, Robert Winston, soon after the incident was first exposed by The Guardian.

The assumption that all Indian fiancees must be virgins is ludicrous. Even if that is the general pattern in India, it seems incredible that a country's immigration procedure can be based on such flimsy grounds.

Of course, as far as one can see, this particular procedure only applies to Asian women. The unabashed racism inherent in this selective treatment is one aspect of the case that has not been sufficiently highlighted. It is not known how many Pakistani and Bangladeshi women have had to undergo such gynaecological examinations. But it is fairly apparent that Asian women are being singled out for this humiliation.

By far the worst crime contained in the infamous virginity test is its intrusion into a woman's privacy and the violation of her rights as an individual. What right does anyone have to pry into so personal a part of her life? In what way is her virginity or lack of it anyone else's business?

For once (hundreds of daily crimes against women within India go unnoticed or shrugged away) the press, the government and the public of India came together to protest loudly against the dehumanising treatment of Asian women immigrants at the hands of the British.

The daily papers gave the incidents and the aftermath surprisingly good coverage, much of it on the front page. Some magazines also expressed their indignation in no uncertain terms.

The secretary of the External Affairs Ministry summoned the British High Commissioner in Delhi, Sir John Thomson, to South Block to convey India's official protest. Mr. Morarji Desai personally wrote to Mr. James Callaghan expressing his protest. The Indian High Commission in London also finally bestirred itself sufficiently to lodge a protest with the British Foreign Office.

Letters from the public flowed into newspaper and magazine offices expressing shock, indignation and protest at the incident. There were several demonstrations in front of UK diplomatic missions in various Indian cities. The National Federation of Indian Women demanded an apology from the British authorities.

(It is perhaps indicative of the nature of the myriad other women's organisations in the country — including one of the largest, the All-India Women's Conference, and its many branches — that they did not see fit to react immediately and volubly to this gross encroachment on fellow women's privacy and dignity as human beings.)

One suspects that some of the indignation derives from the traditional, moralistic attitude that thrives here and which alone can still keep alive prim phrases such as "the outraging of a woman's modesty". And one knows that much of it also arises out of the traditional male my-woman-your-woman syndrome (she is my property, keep your hands off her). Neither of which concepts a progressive Indian woman condones or identifies with.

But still — to count one's blessings — it is heartening that for once nearly everybody got together to protest a procedure which denies a person basic human dignity.

However, it appears that not everybody fully understood the gravity of the offence. The creators of the usually pleasant Amul butter advertisements exposed their insensitivity or perhaps their myopia with hoardings that simpered: "Indian virgins need no urgin' ". Even though it can be deduced that the reference is to the butter, the obvious implication cannot be ignored and the ads are in deplorably bad taste.

The British Home Office has announced the stopping of the virginity test. An apology of sorts has been tendered to the U.N. Human Rights Commission. But at the time of writing Mr. Callaghan has yet to reply to Mr Desai's letter.

And the question is: will a test that has been carried on for so many years (reportedly since the mid-sixties) be called off so easily? Former immigration minister, Mr. Lyon, says that during his tenure he had given orders that the practice of subjecting intending immigrants to gynaecological examinations should be stopped. But apparently his directive was ignored by immigration officials. So what guarantee is there that the test will be discontinued in practice now? Active vigilance on all fronts is surely called for.

In all the hue and cry over the incident, one serious question that seems to have been rather down-played is: what was the Indian High Commission in London doing all these years? Did our diplomats there not know — had they not even heard rumours — about these tests? If they were unaware of these happenings, what does it reveal about their relationship with the local Indian community (who it is one of their duties to serve)?

The Indian Workers' Association in England claims it knows of eight cases involving Indian women at Heathrow since 1968. If the High Commission had better liaison with local Indians, it might have found out about this practice earlier and called a halt to it. Its apparent ignorance also indicates that the Indians there do not feel free to seek its help in dealing with their pro-

REACTION OF A FEMINIST LEADER

Until I have information on how many of these examinations have been carried out, on what the usual reactions to them were, on what conceivable purpose they can have fulfilled both from the point of view of the British government and of the arriving Asians, I cannot comment on what seems prima facie to be most extraordinary behaviour on the part of the British, who under normal standards don't care a hang for virginity.

I could wish that virginity were not of crucial importance anywhere (and that includes to the Asian woman herself). It would be interesting to know if such examinations are carried out by any other persons, e.g. bride-grooms, even if not formally.

One can only be glad that the British government has promised to cease such examinations from now on, even while wondering how they got away with them for so long.

Germaine Greer

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* A former immigration minister, Mr. Alex Lyon, who is also a barrister, said that it is against English criminal law that anyone should be forced to give evidence against herself through a medical examination to show if she is lying.

THE UGLY MESSAGE OF THE VIRGINITY TEST

blems. The fact that these tests have been going on unchecked for so many years and that it took a British newspaper to first bring it to light is surely an indication of the ivory tower existence of our diplomats in London.

Assuming that the uproar over the virginity test has been effective enough to really stop the practice, what about all the other tests and forms of surveillance Asian immigrants to Britain have to put up with?

Reports have it that the immigration authorities conduct spot-checks on Indian couples claiming to be married to make sure that they are indeed living together as husband and wife.

And there are several other humiliating, often harmful, medical tests.

For example, elderly men have reportedly had their testicles examined to verify their claims to be over 65 and hence eligible for entry as dependents. Similarly, X-rays of bone development are taken to assess the age claims of teenage boys to establish whether they are truly under 18. The Guardian on February 8 cited the case of a pregnant woman who had been X-rayed and it quoted medical authorities as advising against the practice on safety grounds.

To make matters worse, most of the X-rays, including chest X-rays for the detection of contagious diseases, are carried out by unqualified clerical workers. Professional radiographers in England say this exposes both immigrants and clerks to "considerable radiation hazards". Under British law, no radiographer can practise in the National Health Service unless officially registered. The Society of Radiographers has been complaining about the practice since 1977 and finally, in September 1978, received a reply from Junior Health Minister, Eric Deakins, saying that "the X-ray staff employed and the work carried out at Heathrow cannot really be measured against normal National Health Service standards". Presumably immigrants are not important or human enough to warrant the same safety standards as British citizens. The clerks' union, in the meanwhile, has threatened action if more qualified radiographers are employed to do the work.

As if the surveillance and the medical examinations were not bad enough, there are other forms of harassment used against Asian immigrants.

Mr. John Ennals, director of the UK Immigrants Advisory Service — a Government-funded body — told a press conference that immigration officers often ask very personal questions that are totally irrelevant in assessing the bonafides of an applicant seeking entry into Britain. Here is an incredible example: if a child said the family had three cows and the mother gave the number as two, the discrepancy was considered enough to refuse admission!

Mr. Ennals also deplored the inordinate delay — sometimes up to five years — in allowing a dependant to join his or her family in Britain. He said, "I cannot imagine what the outcry would be in this country if an Englishman went to work in Nigeria and his wife and children had to wait for three years to join him."

As one London correspondent of a Bombay daily pointed out, it is time our government took up the whole issue of a review of the immigration laws with the British. The current immigration act seems to empower the officials to do pretty much as they please. There is apparently no provision for gynaecological examination in the enactment. The medical tests stipulated under it are merely meant to screen infectious cases. The virginity test is thus obviously an unnecessary indignity dreamed up by some highly insensitive and racist officials.

The whole immigration procedure in Britain seems to have become a farce. It is not only the immigrants who face hardship; Indian visitors are also harassed and humiliated at every step. According to reports, about ten Indians — on an average — are sent to the detention centre every day. Of them, at least two are deported, often on flimsy grounds. In 1977, a total of 676 Indians were deported; in the first ten months of 1978, the number of Indians deported went up to 715.

It is imperative that the Indian and British governments sit down together to discuss the issue openly and sincerely. Practical steps should be taken to ensure that immigration is not the dehumanising experience it seems at present to be and that the rights of an immigrant as a human being are observed and not violated.

Ammu Joseph

BRITISH FEMINISTS OUTRAGED

"The outcry over the case of the Indian schoolteacher at Heathrow has forced the Home Secretary to ban such tests in future. It is not clear though how the government intends to enforce such a ban, as they claim not even to have known that the tests were going on. They must either admit that the immigration service is out of their control or accept responsibility for it.

Rumours and reports of sexual examinations have been around for years — for instance in her book **Finding a Voice** Amrit Wilson tells the story of Shanaz Begum, a 16-year-old who arrived from Pakistan in March 1977 to marry her cousin. A sexual examination 'proved' that she wasn't yet 16 and was too young to marry — hence she had no right to stay here and was sent back to Pakistan. But the well-documented case of a "virginity test" that appeared in the **Guardian** on February 1 made a great impact — the woman concerned had told the Indian Workers' Association in Southall; they took it to the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants and so the **Guardian.**

It's quite outrageous that anyone should have to go through a medical examination to see if she's lying — in this case pretending to be a fiancee, not a wife. And of course you can't prove virginity by sticking a finger up a vagina — not every woman has a hymen. And even if you could, not being a virgin does not mean you are married. The whole disgusting exercise is an extreme stage in the harassment and humiliation of black immigrants — like the X-ray tests on children to 'prove' whether they are telling the truth about their age. This woman says she was stripped, refused a dressing gown and examined internally by a male doctor, though she asked to see a woman. She was frightened that if she made a fuss she would be sent back. "I have been feeling very bad mentally ever since," she says. "I was very embarrassed and upset. I had never had a gynaecological examination before."

A female fiancee has a legal right to come to Britain without an entry certificate — she gets a three month visa and if she marries in that time she gets permission to stay permanently. But wives wishing to join husbands here have to go through an extremely lengthy clearance procedure in their country of origin. Given the racist assumption that the worst thing that could happen to Britain is for one more black person to get in than absolutely necessary, it becomes natural, as the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants say, "for an immigration officer to strive to ensure that all his errors consists in excluding genuine claimants and not in admitting spurious ones — and to be prepared to go to any lengths to attempt to detect the latter."

The above is a copy of the news report published by Spare Rib, a feminist magazine published in the U.K., on this issue. Jill Nicholls, who is part of the magazine's editorial collective, wrote to us: "Basically we are outraged at the news of what has been happening to Asian women trying to enter this country. We were not altogether surprised at the **Guardian's** disclosure because, as we say in this report, we had heard reports of such things happening before — particularly in Amrit Wilson's book and in the articles that Amrit has published in Spare Rib. But of course we were delighted that the **Guardian** published this series of reports and that, as a result of protests at many levels, this particular practice has now, supposedly, been stopped. As we say in the above report, the worry is that it may not really stop in practice. And now we have to push to get other racist aspects of the laws changed — and to expose racist immigration officials.

Feminists picketed the Home Office on February 2, and called a picket at Heathrow airport on February 9. This was called by AWAZ, the Asian women's group, and will be supported by other women's groups like the Brixton Black Women's Group, Rights of Women legal collective, Spare Rib and other groups.

THE LITTLE WOMAN
by Don Tobin
EVERYBODY IS EXERCISING THESE DAYS -
YOU'RE NOT IN UNLESS YOU'RE OUT RUNNING OR PLAYING TENNIS OR DOING SOMETHING ACTIVE!
I KNOW-
MAYBE WE OUGHT TO THINK ABOUT GETTING MORE EXERCISE -
MAYBE -
WHAT DID YOU HAVE IN MIND?
ANYTHING - AS LONG AS IT'S OUTDOORS AND INVOLVES A LOT OF ACTION!
HOW ABOUT THIS? "RUN FOR YOUR LIVES - ACTION-FILLED OUTDOOR THRILLER"....?
TV WEEK
WHAT KIND OF EXERCISE IS THIS?
CALL IT RESEARCH -
7-30
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L. WOMAN

THAT'S A LAUGH!

Two old ladies were making their very first flight in an aeroplane.

"I do hope you will ask the pilot not to travel faster than sound," said one of them to the air hostess. "We want to talk."

* * *

A businessman was testing his son's knowledge of arithmetic.

"How many make a dozen?" he asked.

"Twelve," answered the lad.

"Correct. And how many make a million?"

"Very few."

* * *

One angry husband visited his lawyer loudly demanding a divorce. "Why?" asked the solicitor.

"She called me a lousy lover," fumed her husband.

"Well, I'm not sure that that represents sufficient grounds," said the lawyer.

"So how does she know the difference?"

* * *

An old man had the habit of always prophesying great calamities to his friends. One day he was predicting to a distinguished listener that a great famine was coming soon and dolefuly asked

"And what would you say, my friend, if in a short time the rivers in our country would all dry up?"

"I'd say," was the tired answer, "go thou and do likewise."

* * *

Charles M. Schwab the American millionaire decided to offer a barmaid the biggest tip she ever had in her life.

"How much was your biggest tip?"

"Two hundred francs."

"Well, here's four hundred francs. By the way who on earth tipped you two hundred francs?"

"You did, last year."

* * *

Shop owner: "What's the problem? Remember, in this store the customer is always right. What did the young lady say?"

Salesman: "She said the owner of this shop is a damn fool."

* * *

A teacher asked her class to give examples of coincidence. There was a long silence then one child said: "My mother and my father were married on the same day."

"When the teacher asked a question I was the first to raise my hand," said the boy to his father.

"Then why didn't you get better marks?"

"Because by the time I got back to the room somebody had already answered the question."

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

KAMLA DEVI

LIVING WITHOUT ARMS

Text and Photographs: **Harminder Kaur**

Kamla Devi was born without arms. "I didn't have arms, but I had courage," she says, and slowly you learn that she can do everything with her feet. She can thread a needle, light a match, drink a cup of tea or comb her hair. People who see her, react with compassion and horror at the sight of this armless woman, but she does not need any pity and she astounds everybody by the way she uses her feet to do things.

Born to a railway driver in Bihar, Kamla Devi informs you proudly that she studied up to class eight. After the early death of her mother, she was brought up by her grandmother and that was when she learnt to use her feet to do all the necessary chores. "It wasn't difficult," she says.

Eight years ago she was married to Babulal, a man who left his first wife because of the demanding nature of her parents. Kamla Devi had supported him during a fight and they began to stick it out together. But cynics doubted his intentions. Was it love or did he marry her for the benefits he could reap by using her as a crowd gatherer? They are still together and are quite happy. Her marriage changed her life. What she had learnt, in the way of using her feet, was changed from an ordinary matter of necessity to a mode of survival.

She has been exploited by many, she says and despises those who tried to use her in the circus or in small "25-paise shows". Disgusted with a part of humanity she sums them up as "a bunch of faithless men."

Today she sits on a piece of sackcloth outside her small hut in Jhandewala in Delhi. Her eyes twinkle as she performs her feats and her husband makes the announcements to the crowd. She corrects her husband with a firm "I am seventeen" when he inadvertently said that she was 18.

Then she bends down holding a matchbox firmly between her toes. With a slight shuffle of her feet, she lights the matchstick.

Her right leg bends to light the bidi which has been taken out from a pocket by her left foot and transferred to her mouth. She puffs slowly and is ready to perform other tricks which are

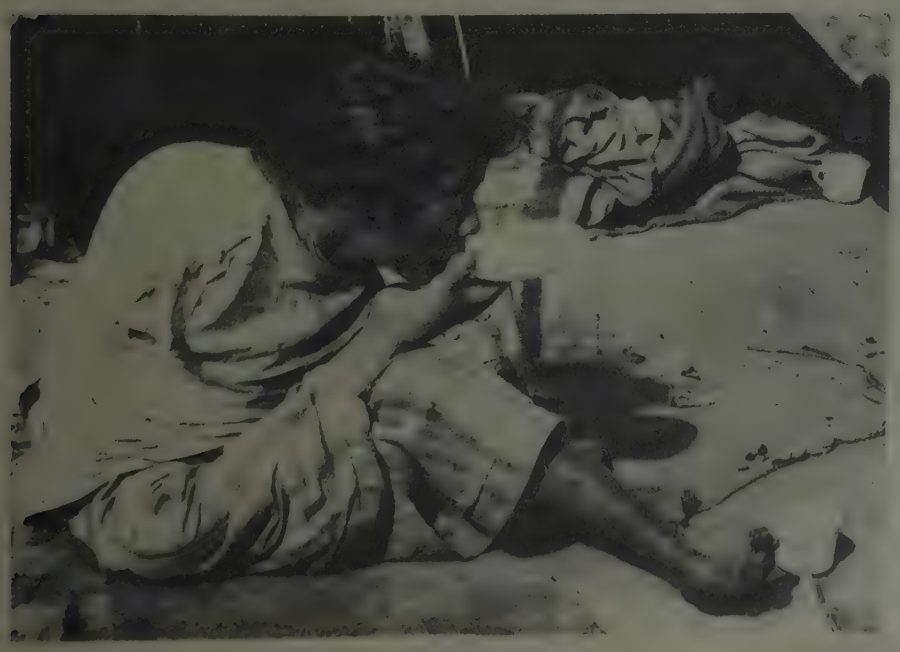
the means of her life — using a comb, a needle and some thread, writing on a notebook and scribbling with a pen.

The pen held by her foot spells out "Jai Bharat" — first in English then in Hindi. The spectators are amazed and sometimes throw a coin.

With a similar skill her feet balance a cup or a saucer to sip tea. As she pulls out trick after trick, she says that life has been cruel to her in other ways. "My two-year-old daughter died recently," she says in a choked voice.

But she quickly brushes it aside. "Hum election mein first aaye the." She is president of the "Bhule Bhisre Kalakar Samiti" and is trying hard to get ten acres of land from the government. "A place where artists can set up homes and stage performances," she says.

She remains the confident woman, disregarding all the material troubles of human beings and underlining the invincibility of the spirit. She always has her husband by her side. And as long as he lives, "the absence of my arms will never be felt."



MIRA AGHI

GUIDING SOCIAL RESEARCH ACTIVITIES

Dr. Mira B. Aghi, at present directing the social intervention scheme of the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research project on oral cancer, is a Ph.D. in psychology from Loyola University, Chicago. Dr. Aghi's main field of interest is child development. After receiving her doctorate, she was a researcher in an American programme for caregivers — those who are entrusted with young children such as mothers, teachers and baby-sitters. It was meant to give such people a background so that they could train youngsters and channelize their potentialities conscientiously.

Back in India, Dr. Aghi took over as director of science education during the SITE (Satellite Instructional Television Experiment) project in rural India. The research utilized for this project is called Formative Research in the development of TV programmes, a field which is Dr. Aghi's forte. She has also trained Formative Researchers for rural TV for the Indian Space Research Organization (ISRO). A researcher to the core, Dr. Aghi had also lent her services for setting up a prototype research unit for TV at the Film and Television Institute, Poona.

Dr. Aghi's services were sought by Bombay TV for some research on the controversial children's programme 'Magic Lamp'. Children's programmes are very often planned according to the whims of the planners, not how favourably they will be accepted by the children as well as the parents. The result of Dr. Aghi's effort was better and more interesting programmes.

"TV watching is a family affair," says Dr. Aghi, "and parents feel helpless at being unable to screen programmes for their wards. In the bargain, the young ones are exposed to a variety of programmes which they should not watch. There is a dearth of genuine and sensible children's programmes and the 'Magic Lamp' is beginning to fill this gap."

Dr. Aghi's interest in the developmental aspect of children is taking concrete shape in the form of a book **The Impact of TV on Children around the World** being published by UNESCO very soon.

From children's programmes to oral cancer is an unconnected jump. But again the common denominator is Dr. Aghi's research and planning capabilities. During her connection with SITE, she was approached by the TIFR to carry out a social intervention programme on oral cancer. A team of social workers is posted in areas of Andhra Pradesh, Kerala, Gujarat, and Maharashtra, where the incidence of oral cancer is high.

This experiment has been going on for the past twelve years. Films are shown. Discussions are held with people on specific tobacco habits and their ill-effects. Plans are afoot for the use of various other media to communicate this information. The aim is to wean people away from such dangerous habits. The programme is meant to help the TIFR scientists to determine further the relationship between tobacco habits and precancerous lesions.

"What is your spare time hobby?" I ask her. Dr. Aghi replies that she does not have any spare time left after her career and domestic responsibilities. Then she adds that occasionally, when she finds time, she enjoys teaching communication research in the St. Xavier's Institute of Mass Communication.

Shefali Ghosh

DON'T GIVE
HIM THE
DOWRY
GIVE HIM
THE LOOK
100%
POLYESTER
AND
GEORGETTE
SARIS
BOMBAY

Sapphire

22 Karats

Ruby Red

DYEING

COTTON AND POLYESTER DRESS FABRICS

PART ONE

sand through my fingers

Lee Naughton

SAND THROUGH MY FINGERS was originally published by Mills and Boon Limited, London. (c) Lee Naughton 1978 (Australian Copyright)

As Lauren Fletcher gazed at the sprawling land mass below, she was gripped by a strange prescience that the desert held her fate, that since her birth her steps had led her towards this magic land of Arabia. That was where the aircraft was now headed. She was taking up appointment as secretary to the Director of the Akhmar Oil Company. It was an escape for her. She closed her eyes as the memory of the young architect she had hoped to marry made unhappiness wash over her in slow, devastating waves of pain.

Her co-passenger, Molly Kennedy, a good-natured Yorkshire woman in her mid-forties, studied the slender girl intently. She saw the hollows in the finely boned face, the dark shadows beneath the grave green eyes and she suspected that Lauren's career girl image covered a sensitive and unhappy personality. Molly had lived in the Gulf for fifteen years with her husband Alan and their twin daughters. Alan's life too was tied up in the oil world. She was returning from a holiday, to rejoin her husband in Akhmar.

At the airport later, Lauren found it difficult to believe it was autumn. Everything was so bright that despite the dark sunglasses she wore, the harsh glare made her blink. Heat rose in waves from the dusty sun-baked ground as she followed Molly and her twin daughters towards the terminal building.

"Oh, there's Alan," said Molly. Lauren hung back, reluctant to intrude on Molly's homecoming. Besides, London office had told her someone from the oil company would meet her. That someone proved to be Peter Corbett. A tall, good-looking man in his mid-twenties, immaculate in a beige linen suit, he lightly tapped her on the shoulder. Startled, she turned and stared into the pale blue eyes of the oil company representative. He welcomed her on behalf of the office and asked if she had enjoyed the flight.

"Yes, thanks," she replied. "Molly Kennedy was a tower of strength."

"Delightful family, the Kennedys," he commented. "I expect you'll see them often. We're a small community."

Lauren looked round the airport. For a moment, sand and sky became one, blurring her vision, then she became aware of a tall, broad-shouldered man. With curiosity, she watched his effect on the officials. Intrigued at the efficiency of the strange European in creased and grimy Khaki-drill, Lauren said admiringly,

"Who is that man, Peter?"

He followed her gaze and gave a low whistle. "Good lord! It's Blake Elliot. What on earth is he doing here? By the look of him, he's come straight from the rig." Peter's handsome features were marred suddenly by sullen lines.

Peter said a few minutes later, "I'm off to hustle up your baggage. Stay put."

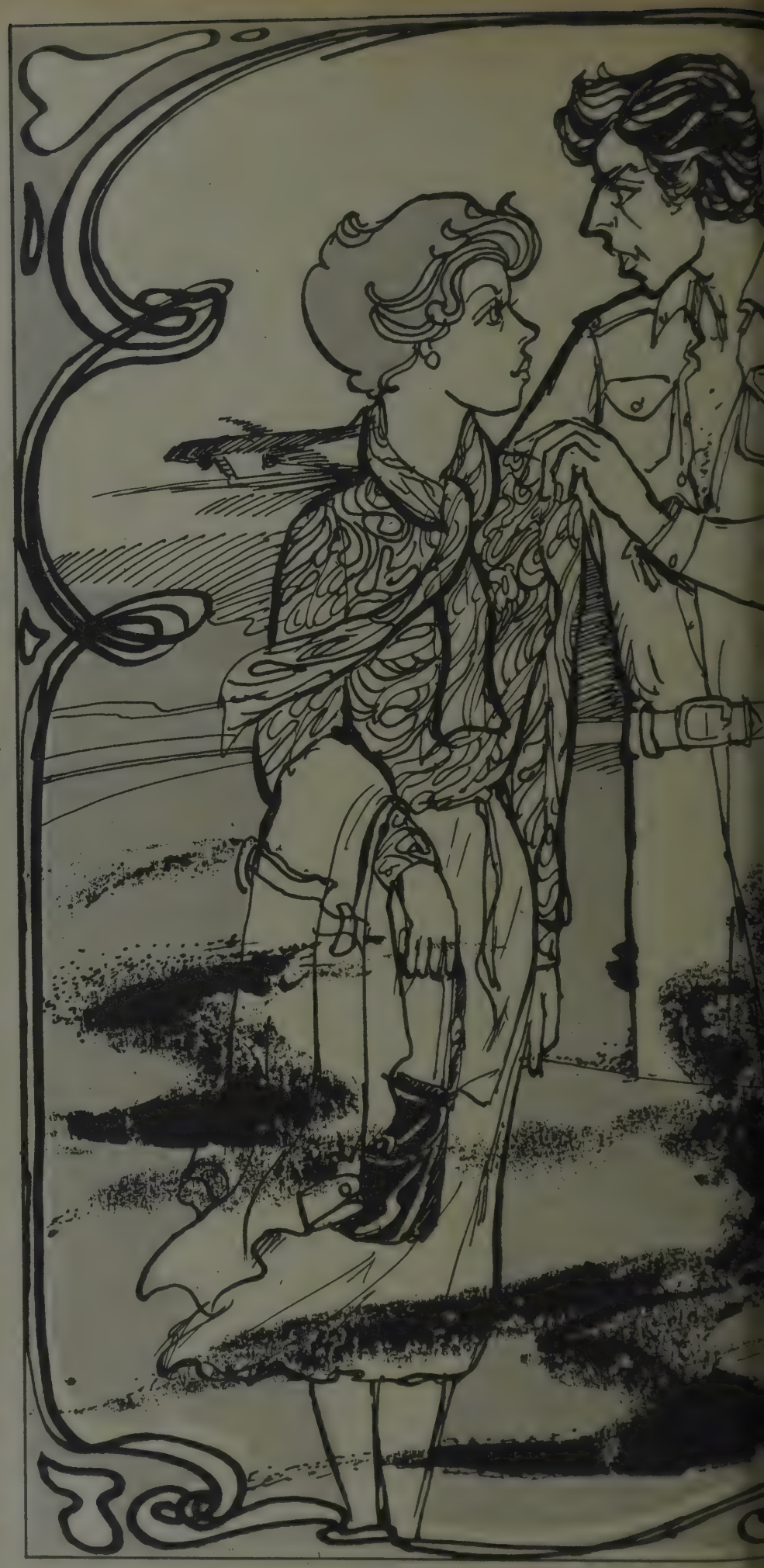
"Don't worry," Lauren vowed. "I will."

She didn't see the dark-haired stranger until it was too late, and unceremoniously she was jostled to one side.

"Can't you see you're in the way?" It was the man she had admired a few moments earlier. There was an impatience in him, as anger that brooked no retaliation. The unexpectedness of his action, the pain of his fingers forcibly gripping her shoulders, made Lauren throw caution to the winds.

"Let me go, you brute!" she demanded. "Now I understand why drillers are called roughnecks!" As the words hissed through her parched lips, Black Elliot loosened his grip.

"Do you, indeed!" At his look of contempt, Lauren visibly blanched. He continued hotly, "In that case, let's hope our paths don't cross too frequently." Abruptly, he turned and walked away, to join an attractive dark-haired woman who seemed to be waiting for him. Belatedly Lauren realized that if the man hadn't hustled her out of the way, she would have been knocked down by the motor trolley, laden with equipment which followed on their heels. Now he was out of sight and it was too late to apologize.



Peter came back and said, "Luggage has been collected and stowed. Now to settle you in air-conditioned quarters."

Minutes later, they were heading for the oil town of Akhmar. After driving over endless miles of dusty winding ribbons of tarmac and then through a maze of intersecting avenues, they evenutually turned into the driveway of a yellow brick bungalow.

"Come on," said Peter climbing out. "Let me introduce you

Beginning a new Mills and Boon serial, the story of Lauren Fletcher who takes up a secretarial job in an oil town in the Arabian desert.

to Kath Stevens. She's a grand soul. She is a sincere person as well as a friendly one. I'm sure you'll get on."

"I hope so," Lauren answered fervently.

They were greeted by a plump, dark-haired girl. Lauren and she were to share the bungalow. Peter left soon after, promising Lauren he would call for her the following morning, and escort her personally to the office of the director. Kath took Lauren on a brief tour of inspection of the premises. The bungalow was compact and comfortable and Kath Stevens warm and kindly.

After a meal, they lingered over cups of tea. Kath gave Lauren a general outline of life in the oil town. The company was generous and provided numerous amenities for the employees. There were a few local shops in Akhmar but most people went into Quamat for a shopping spree.

Lauren learnt Kath was secretary to the Chief Medical Officer at the hospital. She came from a family with a medical background; her father was a doctor. Lauren told her of her own parents who had been killed in an earthquake when Lauren was barely five years old.

Later, tired though she was, sleep evaded Lauren. Pictures of England filtered through her mind. The face of the dark-haired stranger with angry eyes, confronted her as she dozed.

Lauren awoke early next morning. The thought of the day ahead aroused her to action and when Peter arrived, just before seven o'clock, she was ready. It was only a short drive to the main office block. As they walked along the corridor which ran the length of the first floor, Lauren tried to remain composed, but the occasion was too momentous. The appointment was a big step up from her previous job, and now she was so near to meeting her new boss, she felt breathless with excitement. Peter stood midway along the corridor and knocked on a door clearly marked Director of Oil Operations. A decisive voice bade them enter. Lauren felt her every sense heightened as she followed Peter. Facing her was a man about forty-five. His bushy hair had a bleached appearance, his skin was brown from constant exposure to the sun, and shrewd eyes nestled in a web of wrinkles.

"Miss Fletcher, sir," said Peter, his voice unsually subdued. Edgar Stewart rose to his feet and warmly shook her hand. "Glad to have you join us, Miss Fletcher."

Lauren tried to speak but to her dismay found that her voice had disappeared down a network of nerves. Stewart nodded to Peter. "That's all, Corbett. Thank you." Then he asked Lauren to be seated. Edgar Stewart, she noted, was meticulous man. On his desk, coloured folders lay in organized array. Three telephones, one of which was red, bore witness that this was a working office, despite its luxurious appearance.

"Your duties will cover the normal secretarial spectrum, Miss Fletcher," he said. "Your office is the adjoining room. You can settle in on Saturday. I presume you know that Friday is an Arabic religious day, so our working week is from Saturday morning until Thursday noon."

Lauren rose to her feet, ready to depart, when two sharp raps sounded on the door.

Mr. Stewart smiled. "That will be my second-in-command. He always announces his presence that way. Come in, Blake."

Filled with consternation, Lauren watched the dark-haired stranger she had encountered at the airport, walk with quiet confidence into the room. The firm mouth was unsmiling. The strong face austere. Lauren quailed at the introduction. This was the man she had thought to be some roughneck!

Mr. Stewart smiled. "Good morning Blake. Meet Miss Fletcher, the new secretary. Miss Fletcher — Blake Elliot, the drilling superintendent."

"How do you do, Mr. Elliot?" she said, trying hard to keep the ice out of her voice but succeeding only in sounding uncertain and hostile.

"Hello, Miss Fletcher," Blake replied evenly.

Outside the director's room later, Blake said curtly to Lauren, "You obviously don't relish the idea of working with me, but there's no need for alarm. I won't trouble you. I'm only interested in efficiency."

"You need have no fear on that score, Mr. Elliot," she snapped.

When they reached the main entrance, she was delighted to see Peter waiting for her. Blake pushed open the door and said in a voice subtle with scorn, "Ah, nursemaid to the new arrivals. What would they do without you?" The air crackled with invisible tension. Lauren could feel the grim, almost controlled hostility between the two men. She was glad of an escape to the coolness of her bungalow, but she kept wondering about the cause of their antagonism.

Next day, Peter took her shopping to an Arab village called Maheil. She was coming out of a quaint Muslim shop, excited by the trinkets, when she encountered Blake again.

"I didn't know this was a bump-into-a-roughneck-week," he observed and his fingers tightened around her shoulders. At his touch, Lauren stood quite still, aware only of his disturbing proximity. She stifled the quiver of physical need that responded to his attraction.

"Here comes your guardian," Blake said tersely. "I should have known he'd be around."

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Lauren," Peter called, and she saw his smile disappear at the sight of the drilling superintendent. Blake's features hardened and he gave a disinterested shrug. Without further comment, he swung on his heels and strode towards the Dodge Estate, authority portrayed in his every stop.

Lauren, still astonished, looked at Peter for some explanation. He said nothing about Blake's behaviour. Instead he said impatiently, "There's not sufficient time to see the bazaar, Lauren. Come on honey, we'll have lunch." She thought about the two men.

Did the antagonism spring from the politics of working conditions, she wondered. Or was the enmity on a personal plane? Depression hovered near giving the impression that the sun had become covered by some dark cloud.

To be continued

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Photographs : Farokh Reporter

BELOW: Cotton casuals — a combination of plain and print makes a striking kaftan, with a tie-up at waist. Highlight the print with a centre panel; a Bagru printed poncho kaftan has a bib front, with elbow length raglan sleeves.

RIGHT: For special occasions — sarees in pure silk, gajji silk and art silk in designs and colours to suit individual tastes. The fall and lustre of the material is fabulous.

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BOOK NOOK

What is being written by or about women?
On this page every month we bring you a review of some of the books published recently.

ELITE WOMEN IN INDIAN POLITICS by Vijay Agnew; Vikas Publishing House, Price Rs. 50.

The first thing one wants to object to is the title. Why 'elite'? Do only elite women participate in Indian politics? Or is the writer only interested in the elite among Indian women politicians? Or, and perhaps more pertinent, does the term 'politician' refer only to the select few who get elected to office while the others remain 'party workers'?

Title aside, the book is a painstakingly researched account of the Indian woman's development — of her progress in breaking away from the oppressive customs of the nineteenth century, of her entry into the nationalist politics of the freedom movement and of her struggle to claim equal franchise in independent India.

Arguing that the emancipation of women has been an issue of global concern, the author points out that the Indian women's movement took the shape of a social reform movement to improve women's position within the established structure of the family and society. It avoided a direct confrontation between the sexes and focussed on issues such as abolishing child marriage, improving the living conditions of widows and allowing them to re-marry and, above all, encouraging education among women.

Women's participation in politics is seen as a natural corollary of their awakening consciousness. Mahatma Gandhi saw that the nationalist movement presented an opportunity to rejuvenate society. He encouraged women to participate in all aspects of nationalist activity believing that a woman's temperament is particularly suited to non-violent satyagraha which required not physical strength but moral courage and determination. Gandhiji's encouragement was, for hundreds of women, the crucial factor in being able to break away from the confines of the home.

Although involved in political activity woman was expected to continue to have primary responsibility for the welfare of her husband and children. Her domestic chores were not to be considered inferior to work outside the home but rather as equally important, and even essential. Almost all the women politicians accepted the existing pattern of sex-structured roles within the family. In many cases their entry into politics was not the result of a preditated intellectual decision but women found themselves increasingly drawn into political activity along with the menfolk of their family. There was no conflict between duties at home and political work. Rather women were asked to organize their time efficiently in order to participate in the affairs of nation building. Thus while a woman's sphere of activity was broadened and enlarged its essential core remained the same with the role of wife and mother as revered and idealized as before.

Vijay Agnew's material (originally submitted to the University of Toronto for a Ph.D. dissertation) is thoroughly documented and balanced in outlook even though Ms. Agnew gives too much importance to the few well-known names in Indian politics — Sarojini Naidu, Kamaladevi Chattopadhyay, Sucheta Kripalani, the women of the Nehru family, the Sarabhai women. These women may have provided leadership to advocate change, but their contribution has to be considered complementary to the efforts of on-the-spot social reformers whose work, though less publicized, is nevertheless equally significant.

And several questions rise to mind. What happened to the hundreds of women activists after independence? Can women emerge only under the umbrella protection of men? Is it not exploitation to expect women to run the house single-handed while involved in outside activity? Is this acceptance of sex-typed family roles a concession to inherent differences? Or does it reflect a general apathy towards breaking out of set domestic moulds?

A BOUQUET OF MODERN SHORT STORIES by Ashapoorna Devi; Pankaj Publications, Price Rs. 12.50.

"In essence human beings are not evil: their outward distortions are due to the pressures of the environment and to a lack of sensitivity in human relationships ..... because human beings have so little to live with, they do not hesitate to hurt even for very little. Because they are deprived, they attack hungrily."

When a writer's worldview is coloured by such humanitarian considerations one can only expect her writing to be non-disturbing i.e., devoid of any anger or bitterness. Ashapoorna Devi's clemency for the individual while viewing all situations enables her to treat commonplace happenings with an empathy that is moving, to say the least, yet her insight leaves one wondering whether such tolerance is not a rather over-passive reaction, an excuse for the deliberate suppression of more volatile emotions.

In this collection of short stories her portrayal of women is particularly interesting. All the stories depict woman's duality — sometimes conscious, sometimes subconscious, sometimes arising out of a strength of character, sometimes forced by the sheer circumstances of life. Granted that duality, or the maintaining of facades to hide real emotions, is a way of life for many women. But one wants to question whether such a social stance is justifiable or permanent.

In **The Actress** the heroine in turn cajoles her father, her father-in-law, her husband and finally her children, changing her colours in chameleon-like fashion to manoeuvre each. Just as the impression of a wily and conniving woman is built up, the writer reverses the tables by offering her interpretation of the woman's role: "Her acting is not deception. It is her compassion. Without this compassion there would be far more conflicts and clashes within the four walls of the home and the world at large." Perhaps. But can such an explanation absolve the woman of the guilt of duplicity?

The Matchbox tackles a different dimension of duality. Here the woman is smouldering in anger after a quarrel with her husband, yet dons a mask of gay conviviality for the benefit of the rest of the family (a very commonplace situation) which leads the writer to compare women to matchboxes: "Although they have within themselves enough supply to start a hundred major fires, they never flare up and burn the mask of nobility of their menfolk ..... That they will never set fire in reality the men know well." But can anger be repressed indefinately? And can men afford to take women so much for granted any longer?

Ashapoorna's defence of the established norms of society is probably one reason for her being awarded the Jnanpith award for 1978. And while one appreciates the simplicity of her prose and directness of her style, one wishes for a spark that would sometimes trigger pent up passions. For the younger generation the need is not to merely explain the old order but to motivate a change towards the new.

TROPICAL BONSAI by Jyoti Parekh; Vakils, Feffer and Simons Ltd., Price Rs. 50.

Jyoti Parekh's book gives practical information for the cultivation of bonsai, or the Japanese art of miniaturing trees. Detailed instructions cover tools, materials, containers and soil conditions required for the different varieties of plants, flowers and fruit trees that can thrive as bonsais in a tropical climate. The information is particularly useful to bonsai lovers in India who face special problems growing bonsai in a tropical climate.

Meher Pestonji

PETS AND PAYALS

TIPS AND TOES

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TIPS AND TOES

Make-up for nails

PERSONAL CHOICE:

SPICY SELECTIONS

MRS. AGNES SANTOS gives here a variety of spicy flavours which are the party favourites these days. Mrs. Agnes took to cooking after school. Encouraged by her mother and husband, she took up a course in baking and confectionary from the Institute of Hotel Management, Catering Technology and Applied Nutrition, Bombay. At present she conducts classes in cooking at home and, being a member of the Y.W.C.A., she gives cooking demonstrations on their behalf.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

CHICKEN ROAST

1½ kg chicken
1 tsp. pepper powder
2 tbsps. salt
¼ tsp. baking powder
1 lemon juice
3 tbsps. brandy or rum
4 red chillis
8 sticks cinnamon
8 cloves
4 tbsps. ghee for frying
2 glasses of water

Wash and wipe the chicken. Mix together the salt, pepper powder, rum, baking powder and lemon juice. Form into a paste. Apply the paste to the entire chicken. Marinate for about 10/15 minutes.

Heat ghee in a sauce pan. Add cloves, cinnamon and red chillis. Add the chicken and keep covered for 10/15 minutes, till the chicken is slightly brown.

Add water and cook on medium fire for 20/25 minutes. When cold, shred the chicken. Place the shredded chicken in a container, 8" in diameter. Decorate the outside portion of the container with cheese biscuits bound with flour to resemble a well. Garnish with salad leaves or serve with potato finges.

FLOWERED SALAD

200 grams carrots
200 grams shelled peas
250 grams beet root
200 grams french beans
½ cup mayonnaise
A few pineapple slices
Bunch of lettuce leaves
1 tbsp. gelatine

FOR THE DRESSING :

1 lemon juice
2 tbsps. salad oil
¼ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. mustard
1 tsp. sugar

Boil all the given vegetables in salt water and chop finely. Mix all the ingredients for the

dressing. Mix with chopped vegetables. Melt gelatine in water and add to the chopped vegetables. Mix well. Wet a square mould. Press the vegetables and chill. Remove on a serving dish, dressed with lettuce leaves. Ice with mayonnaise and decorate.

MUTTON DING-DING

½ kg mutton
3 onions, chopped
Juice of 1 lemon
200 grams tomatoes
100 grams cauliflower
100 grams peas, shelled
50 grams french beans, cut length-wise
100 grams potatoes, diced
Oil for frying
Salt to taste
Coriander leaves for garnishing

GRIND TO A PASTE:

2 tsps. chilli powder
½ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. cummin seeds
6 sticks cinnamon
6 cloves
3 cardamoms
8 flakes garlic
1 tsp. coriander powder
1 tsp. poppy seeds
1 tsp. gingelly seeds (til)

Cut and wash the mutton. Heat oil, fry onions till soft.

Add the ground paste. Simmer for a few minutes, add the chopped tomatoes and keep stirring till tomatoes are soft.

Add mutton and pressure cook. Boil all the vegetables and add to the cooked mutton. Cook till dry for a few minutes. Add salt to taste and garnish with coriander leaves.

SPICY LIVER

½ kg liver
15 cloves
1 tbsp. vinegar
6 onions, chopped length-wise
10 - 12 pods whole pepper
6 tbsps. oil
4 bay leaves
Juice of 1 lemon
Salt to taste

GRIND TO A PASTE :

2 tsps. chilli powder
¼ tsp. turmeric
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1" piece ginger
8 flakes garlic

Cut the liver into pieces. Wash and drain. Grind cloves with salt and vinegar to a paste. Apply this paste to the liver. Keep it aside for 15 minutes.

Heat oil, add pepper pods and bay leaves. Add onions and fry till soft. Add the ground paste. Simmer for a few minutes. Add liver. Cover and cook on slow fire. Garnish with coriander leaves and lemon juice.

Serve hot with roti.

FISH MINCE

1 kg fish (boneless)
6 onions, chopped
6 green chillis
2" piece ginger, chopped
2 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped
4 tbsps. tomato sauce
1 cup vinegar
½ tsp. garam masala
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
½ cup oil
2 or 3 capsicums
Salt to taste

Marinate the fish in vinegar for 20 minutes. Mince the fish.

Heat oil, add the chopped onions, chillis and ginger. When soft, add garam masala. Add sauce and minced fish. Mix well, cover and cook on slow fire for five to seven minutes. Add capsicums cut length-wise. Garnish with coriander leaves.

MINCE CUTLETS

200 grams mince
4 onions
4 green chillis
1" piece ginger
A few mint leaves, chopped
2 tbsps. tomato sauce
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. chilli powder
2 potatoes, boiled
2 eggs
Bread crumbs as required
Salt to taste
Oil for frying

Cut finely all the above ingredients. Wash, mince and drain. Boil the potatoes and mash. Heat oil, fry onions till soft. Add the mince, spices, sauce and cook for five to ten minutes till the water evaporates. Cool, add mashed potatoes, one beaten egg, and mix well with chopped mint leaves. Form into cutlets. Brush with remaining egg. Roll in bread crumbs and shallow fry.

MISS SIEANN'S PUDDING

4 egg yolks
4 cups lukewarm milk
1 tbsp. custard powder
½ cup sugar
Essence of vanilla
Sponge cake as required
A few grapes, peeled and sliced
1 apple, peeled and sliced
1 orange, peeled and sliced
100 grams chocolate, chopped
50 grams pistachio nuts

Boil the milk with sugar.
Beat the yolks and mix in warm milk. Dissolve the custard powder in little water and pour into the milk mixture.

Cook on slow fire, till thick. Add essence and cool. Spread on a dish with cubed sponge cake, with a layer of fruits, cover with chocolate, pour over the custard and refrigerate for 30 minutes. Decorate with pistachios.

COOKERY QUEEN

PUSHPA BALANI, Bombay.

Mrs. Balani wins Rs. 100/- for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 210 mm Fry pan from Trupti Industries, a cash prize of Rs. 101 from Weikfield, a 5.00 litre all stainless steel pressure Cooker from Asha Appliances and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

CAPSICUM FLOAT IN GREEN MASALA

8 medium size capsicums
6 medium size tomatoes
2 tbsps. cheese, grated
200 grams gram flour

FOR THE STUFFING :

4 potatoes
100 grams spaghetti
200 grams green peas
100 grams cauliflower
50 grams fresh garlic
4 green chillis
1 small bunch coriander leaves
1 small piece ginger
Salt to taste
½ tsp. saffron powder
½ tsp. chilli powder

GRIND TO A PASTE :

1 big pod garlic
½" piece ginger
10 green chillis
1 bunch coriander leaves
1 tsp. dry coriander
A pinch of saffron powder
1 clove
1" piece cinnamon
1 bay leaf
50 grams tamarind, soaked in two cups of water

Peel and boil the vegetables separately. Mash the potatoes and dice the cauliflower. Boil the spaghetti in salted water. Drain under cold water. Mix all the vegetables with the spaghetti and keep aside. Meanwhile, slit the capsicums in the centre and fry them lightly on slow fire from all the sides. Heat oil, and fry the finely cut garlic, green chillis, coriander and ginger. Add the vegetables, salt and saffron. Cook on slow fire for about five minutes. When cool, add the grated cheese. Stuff each capsicum with this mixture. Bind them together. Make a gram flour batter. Dip each capsicum in this batter and deep fry. Keep them aside.

Fry the ground masala for about five minutes. Add the tamarind water and the tomato puree. When it starts boiling add the stuffed capsicums and simmer for five minutes. Sprinkle grated cheese before serving.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. G. Vaidyanathan, Bombay.

MOONG PADVALS

200 grams long sprouted moongs
300 grams padvals
4 green chillis
½ tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. each of coriander and cummin powder, roasted
A pinch of turmeric
Salt to taste
1 tsp. ghee for frying
4 tsps. coconut, grated
½ tsp. mustard seeds
A few coriander leaves

Mix salt, turmeric, finely cut green chillis, cummin, coriander and chilli powder to the sprouted moongs.
Wash and slit the padvals. Scoop out the seeds and keep aside. Stuff spoonfuls of moong mixture. Cook in pressure cooker. Fry the mustard in ghee. Add the scooped portions, coconut gratings and fry for sometime. Add the cooked padvals. Sprinkle salt. Fry crisp on slow fire. Sprinkle finely cut coriander leaves.

Mrs. Sarasu Ganapathy, Hooghly.

CHENA MORICHATHU

12 slices of yam
200 grams minced meat, boiled and ground coarsely
50 grams peas, shelled
50 grams carrots, minced
50 grams cabbage, minced
50 grams beans, finely chopped
2 medium sized potatoes, scraped and boiled
Salt to taste
1 tsp. garam masala
2 green chillis, minced
1 tsp. garlic and ginger paste
1 tsp. chilli powder
Coriander leaves, minced
Ground nut oil
2 tsps. raisins, minced

Par boil the yam pieces in salted water. Drain and dry the pieces. In the meanwhile, fry the ground meat and vegetables in little oil. Let it cool. Mash the boiled potatoes and add it to the fried meat and vegetables. Mix well. Add salt to taste and all the given masalas.

Now apply oil on both the sides of the sandwich toaster. Keep one slice of yam on one side and spread the stuffing masala over it. Cover it with the other slice of yam.

Toast both sides over direct flame into a crisp toast. Serve with coriander chutney or tomato chutney.

WEEKLY WINNER

RAJ CHHIBBAR, Bikaner.

Mrs. Chhibbar wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield, a 100 ml. coconut oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin, and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

TUR DAL

1 kg tur dal
400 grams ghee
125 grams curds, beaten
30 grams ginger (extract juice)
A little saffron
A pinch of asafoetida
3 grams caraway seeds (shahjeera)
3 grams cummin seeds
Salt to taste

GRIND TO A PASTE :

5 grams pepper seeds
3 grams cinnamon
5 grams cardamom seeds
3 grams cloves
2 tsps. chilli powder

Par boil the dal. Strain and separate dal from water. Add curds and ginger extract to dal and keep aside for 10 minutes. Put 200 grams ghee in a dekchi and fry the dal till it turns reddish. Add salt and the dal water. Cover and cook well. When the dal is done add the ground masala paste. Simmer gently and remove from the fire.

In another dekchi heat 100 grams ghee and asafoetida mixed in water. Toss in the caraway seeds and cummin seeds. When the seeds stop spluttering add the dal and cover tightly with a lid. Lower heat. After five minutes add 100 grams ghee and the lemon juice. Mix well for a minute and remove from the fire. Serve after 15 minutes.

Mrs. Nandini Shah, Bombay.

STUFFED SURTI RATALU

1 kg 1' long sweet potatoes (ratalu)
½ kg beans (surti papdi lilva)
1 coconut
1 bunch coriander leaves
3 tsps. green chilli paste
4 tsps. coriander and cummin powder
½ tsp. asafoetida
6 tbsps. oil
Salt to taste
½ tsp. citric acid crystals

Peel and wash the sweet potatoes. Cut into one inch thick round slices. Scoop off the centre part of each slice upto half inch deep. Grind the beans to a fine paste.
Mix the grated coconut, finely chopped coriander leaves, bean paste, salt, chillis, coriander and cummin powder, asofoetida, citric acid crystals. Stuff each slice with this mixture of masala.
In a dekchi put oil and arrange the stuffed slices like sandwiches with the masala inbetween two slices. Cover and cook on slow fire, till soft and tender. Serve with hot puris.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Introducing women in the art world, whose work contributes significantly to contemporary Indian art.

DAMAYANTI CHOWLA

SUCCESS ABROAD, ROOTS IN INDIA

Malati Jaikumar

Damayanti Chowla has just returned from a tour of New York, Washington D.C., and Cairo where she held solo exhibitions of her work. She had an overwhelming response and publicity at all three places.

Art reigns supreme in Damayanti's life and talking to her one can sense her intense dedication. Everything revolves around her work.

Her formal training began with a diploma from the Lahore School of Fine Arts in 1942, followed by a four-year diploma course in painting and etching from the Slade School of Arts, University College, London. She then specialized in mural painting from the Hammersmith College of Art and Building, London, and the Central School of Arts and Crafts, London. From 1969 to 1971 she worked in Paris at the invitation of the French Ministry of Cultural Affairs.

Now at fifty-eight, Damayanti has a glorious record of exhibitions to her credit and is at the height of her creative career.

Her solo exhibitions in the last 15 years include shows at Woodstock Gallery, London, AIFACS Gallery, New Delhi, Jehangir Art Gallery, Bombay, Gallery "Haus Am Lutzowplatz", West Berlin, and in Moscow, Stuttgart and Paris.

You seem to have had more exhibitions abroad than in India. Any special reason?

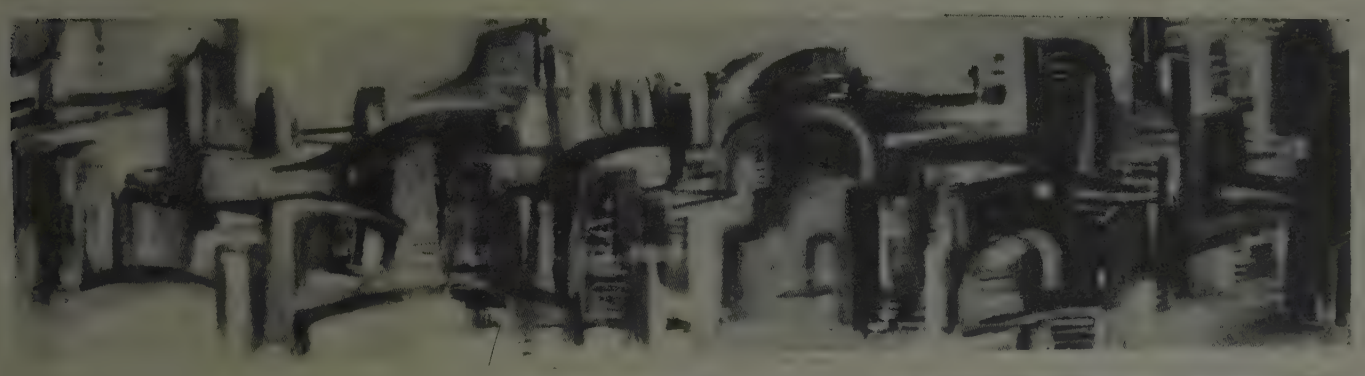
Well, I have had at least six shows in India in the last fourteen years. I go abroad not merely to exhibit my paintings but more as an excuse to absorb the rich variety of creative talent around the world. I like to keep in touch with the trends in art. Once my paintings are put up I don't have anything else to do but visit museums and galleries, and that is a thing I really enjoy.

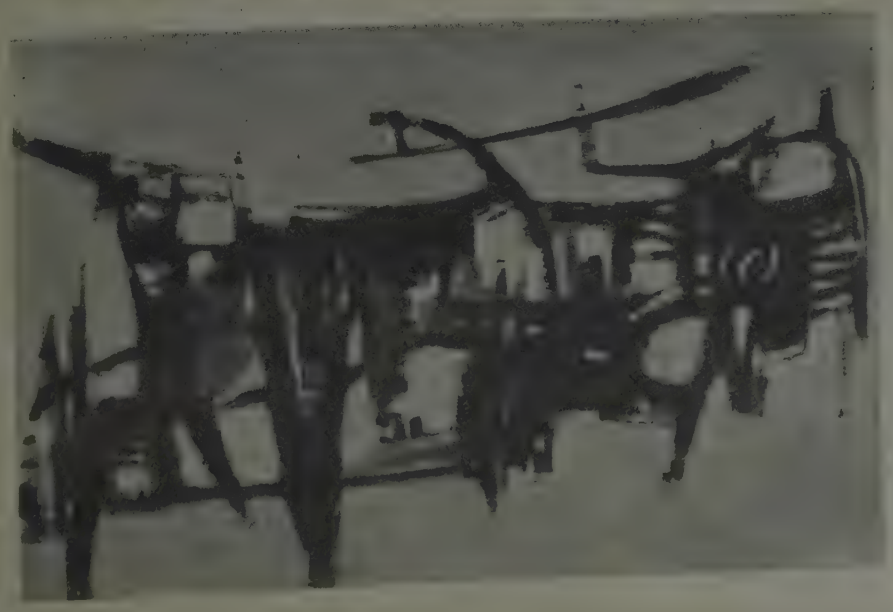
What are the differences or similarities in the response to your work in India and abroad?

Many people have asked me this. I personally feel that there is no such thing as a different reaction. In the ultimate analysis there are very few people who can really understand abstract art and that small group exists as much in India as abroad.

Who is your favourite painter and who has influenced you the most?

It is very difficult to point out to one favourite painter for I never like all the works of any one painter. One can only be moved by certain works and in fact when I see something that I like I view it as a separate existence by itself and do not concern myself much with the artist. I think the last greatest woman artist in India was Amrita Shergil. As for influences, everything that I have seen has influenced me in some way. The life around me, nature and other paintings have all had some effect.





Damayanti Chowla at work.

LEFT: Damayanti's mural on the A.G.C.R. building in New Delhi.

BELOW: 'The Bull' — oil on canvas.

A great many people seem to be having exhibitions and one-man shows. How much of it is genuine art?

As in other fields, modern art has attracted its share of quacks, and they have tarnished the image of the genuine artists. As a result people think very lightly of modern art, not realizing the intense emotional strain and skill that goes to make a good painting. Then again, apart from quacks, you have youngsters

Continued on page 51

GOOD NEWS... AND BAD

Hidden away in the more obscure corners of newspapers are interesting bits of news of particular significance to women.

SEXISM IN THE BUDGET

NEW DELHI : Why should husbands' and wives' incomes be clubbed together for taxation and not those of father and son or brother and brother, for that matter? The recent proposal of the government to club the husband-wife salary was debated by various women's organisations at the Young Women's Christian Association Hall here. At the end of the two-hour session, the participants adopted a draft resolution urging for widespread public debate on this as well as other policies that were eroding women's rights of equality in all spheres of national life. The resolution said the proposal would be a retrograde step, lending government's support to many of the existing socio-cultural attitudes that regard women as less equal and less relevant members of society, and merely "supplementary" contributors to the family's income. **(Hindustan Times)**

EVE-TEASERS BEWARE

NEW DELHI : The Delhi Administration and the Delhi Transport Corporation have conceded almost all the demands of Delhi University girl students and teachers who demonstrated against the harassment and eve-teasing in city buses. The Minister of State for Home Affairs, Mr. S. D. Patil, told the Lok Sabha in response to a calling-attention motion on eve-teasing that instructions had been issued to all DTC drivers and conductors to wear name badges in future. It would be their duty as well as that of the policemen — in uniform or plain clothes travelling in buses — to intervene whenever an eve-teasing incident occurred. Special squads were being constituted to combat harassment of girls and women in buses. Hoardings were being displayed in all buses warning potential eve-teasers of the penalties they would attract. Mr. Patil said a co-ordination committee of DTC officials, police and women's organisations was being formed to help check this menace. **(Indian Express)**

Though eve-teasing was occurring in broad daylight, it needed a demonstration by the women to bring the menace to the notice of the authorities. Of course, just how effective the "instructions" will be, is left to be seen. However, even while the problem was being seriously tackled in the Lok Sabha, an M.P. lost no time in trivializing the issue.

NEW DELHI : In the Lok Sabha, members came up with some interesting explanations for eve-teasing. Mr. Vinodbhai Sheth (Janata) traced its origin back to Lord Krishna, who had also "indulged" in eve-teasing he said. But Lord Krishna's kind of eve-teasing was "spiritual" compared to the "vulgar" kind of activity witnessed nowadays, Mr. Sheth felt. He wanted all bus conductors and drivers to take an oath that they would treat all passengers of the fair sex as their "mothers, sisters and daughters", depending on the age of the subject.

Mr. Balwant Singh Ramoowalia (Akali Dal) did not go so far back in history to discover the root causes of eve-teasing. He laid the blame squarely at the door of the Hindi film which glorified the "street-type" hero who teased the heroine. The heroine invariably succumbed to these advances, Mr. Ramoowalia lamented. This perverted culture was being reflected in our youth today. **(Indian Express)**

While Mr. Ramoowalia has a point about the typical Hindi film encouraging eve-teasing, the Janata member with his advice of treating the women as "mother, sister, daughter", reflects the typical Indian male attitude. Cannot a woman, if she is not a 'mother, daughter or sister', be respected in our society? Men don't need to be 'husband, son or brother' before they are regarded as individual men.

Sportswomen Harassed

Even as Lok Sabha members were discussing eve-teasing in New Delhi, women in Hyderabad were being harassed by the same menace — and this time, it was the woman athletes.

HYDERABAD : The National Games here may end in a fiasco if the authorities do not immediately take step to keep the crowds away from the playing arenas. Numerous reports of harassment of volleyball and judo girls particularly are being heard. All the arenas are surrounded by thousands of spectators who should normally be confined to the stands. This has resulted in the players being prevented from warming up. In some cases, judo girls complained of bottom-pinching. One judo coach told PTI that his protests to the few police officers around produced no remedy. **(The Times of India)**

IMPROVING WOMEN'S ECONOMIC STATUS

NEW DELHI : The National Federation of Indian Women (NFIW) has suggested that 25 per cent of the reservation of jobs for scheduled castes, scheduled tribes and backward classes should be earmarked for women of these sections. The Federation also wants that unemployed women in rural areas should be given "variegated jobs" under the food-for-work and employment guarantee schemes of the various states. The jobs so given must not be "the monotonous mudcutting schemes as at present offered." The NFIW has also decried the idea of regarding men as bread-winners. It says a substantial number of households in rural and slum areas depend upon women for their bread. The right to work for men and women should be included in the Fundamental Rights of the Constitution. It has called upon the mass media to play a positive role in changing the social attitudes towards women. **(Financial Express)**

Loyalty To Ex-Husband

The fact that equality among the sexes even today is "more notional than real" comes through startlingly in the following item :

Unless a wife leads a virtuous life and is loyal to her husband she has no right to claim any maintenance. This observation was made by the Madras high court while setting aside a lower court's order directing the husband to grant maintenance allowance. Allowing a revision petition, filed by the husband against this order, Mr. Justice S. Rathinavel Pandian observed that when a wife claimed maintenance there was a legal and moral obligation on her part to be loyal to her husband, even when she lived apart from him. The underlying principle was that no woman could claim to have the right to be kept by two men, the judge said. The judicial first class magistrate, Tirunelveli, had granted maintenance to the appellant woman, payable by her husband, Rs. 125 per month and Rs. 40 for their child. The husband had challenged the order in respect of maintenance granted to her as illegal since there was clear evidence that she had been leading an adulterous life. **(The Times of India)**

Compiled by Gouri Salvi

BURIED IN THE SAND

Jameel Ahmed Ashar

WHAT LOLA TOLD ME WHEN I PROPOSED TO HER CAME AS A SHATTERING SHOCK. I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT

I could predict precisely which saree Lola would be wearing each day. Poor girl, with only three sarees she found herself lost in the swarm of office butterflies having dozens and dozens of gorgeous sarees. Often she discussed the price and texture of the sarees the other office girls wore and always came back to her typewriter with a heavy heart and hurt in her eyes. One deprivation, one slight of fate was enough to keep her in a melancholy mood for days.

She was like a giant book opened in front of my compulsively reading eyes. She sat for six-and-a-half hours, each day, in front of me, near enough to feel her presence but far away to feel her warmth. Even her typewriter spoke volumes about her volatile moods. Without looking directly at her, I could sense her moods by the sound of the keys slamming on the typewriter. The slow, dragging and erratic sound alluded to her bad moods which would progressively turn sour and end up being pathetic. At such times, she creates masterpieces of modern art in typing which speak every conceivable language except English. But when she is happy and gay, she is not only fast and steady, but her typing is really beautiful.

Of course, the best thing she wears to office is her smile and I have tried fantasizing a million times her wearing nothing else. But I like her dark eyes. I always feel ill at ease and my slender masculinity challenged every time she gazed deep into my eyes. I would take a woman like her as my wife because I would be gazing at a sleeping beauty the first thing in the morning when I wake up.

Yes, part of my duty was day dreaming about her. Immersed in office files at which I gazed blankly to give a picture of competence to the Boss, time and again I felt a strange sensation that I was being watched. All I had to do was look up and find two bright eyes blinking laser beams right into my heart. This not only had an effect on my heart but on my work too. I was slowly suffering lapses of memory and other errors entered my usually precise and austere reports, tanks to the disturbing presence of Lola.

I may say I am quite popular with the office girls. They consider me safe enough and are convinced that I would equally defend my virginity with the same fervour and fear as they would defend theirs. In fact, they even adore the bawdy jokes I crack sometimes. Though Lola is the second-most beautiful woman in the office (with the first I am quite friendly but she is a crossed-cheque, account payee only, as they say in our Accounts Department), I can't even say a 'hello' to her even while she works under me. Every time she laughs in the company of others, I feel very jealous. Sometimes a clerk becomes a bit amorous with her and I fret and fume praying for strength to wring his neck. When I can tolerate it no longer, I slam my meek and unconvincing authority and send the chap back to his desk. And the whole day with the echoes of those impulsive and possessive words singing in my ears, I sit with extreme self-consciousness that the secret of my unwarranted interference is not

Lola guesses how I feel and she keeps teasing me. She knows I would like to talk to her and observing my self-consciousness goes out of the way to encourage me. But somehow I always reel back as if I am betraying my crush on her to other people. Our body-language speaks volumes and we both realise how much we desire each other. If at all an opportunity presents itself, I am sure, even without uttering a word, we would rush into each other's arms.

I dreamt day and night about such an opportunity and made elobrate plans as to how I would meet it. But my efforts were only excercises in the mind, and the outward evidence of it was the millions of times I kept scribbling Lola's name in Urdu which none in the office understood. I discovered that a man is a poet in love and the proof lay in the hundreds of verses I wrote extolling her eyes.

Lola returned to me each night as a dream over which I presided with full authority and with none of the squeamishness I had during the day in her presence. I wondered whether she dreamt of me! There was no way of finding that out. Being a woman, I presumed, she would never take the first step. At the most, she would drop hints. And she is dropping heaps every day. As for me, I lack the courage and all the piles of books I have read on the Art of Seduction fail to help me. The inspiration remained where it belongs; between the pages. Such times I remember, helplessly, my friend Vikram and wished he was here to help me. They don't come any better than him when it comes to dealing with the elusive temperaments of women.

I never got tired revising the letter I intended sending Lola. It remained for days between the pages of the office files during the day and close to my heart in my shirt pocket during the night. No outburst of love or the crooning of a moon-struck lover; just a request to accept

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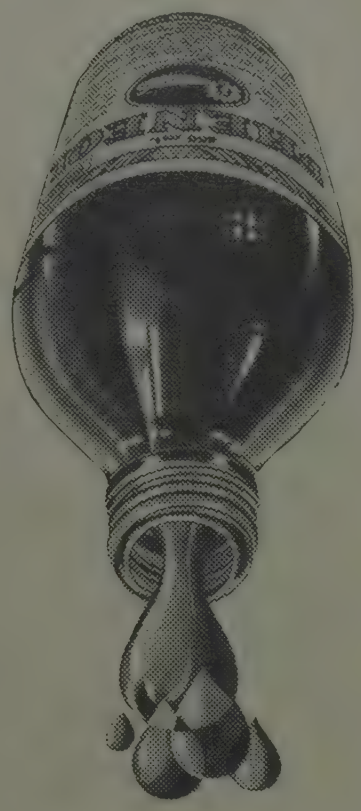

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BURIED IN THE SAND

an invitation for tea. I kept searching for better words each day and adding more flowers and curves round the border of the much-handled perfumed paper. I thought of posting the letter and absenting myself at the office the next day. But I was not sure how Lola would respond — keep quiet or go to the Boss. The latter possibility dampened by enthusiasm.

But things happening in the last week renewed my hope. Every time I went to the restroom to smoke a cigarette, Lola would come over on some pretext, to wash her already clean hands, straighten her hair or to paint her lips afresh. This presented an excellent opportunity, at least to say 'hello' or share an understanding smile. But it never happened. I felt most embarrassed in that minute or two and all I could do was to drag heavily on the cigarette and shrink behind the cloud of smoke. At the last moment, in self-consciousness, our eyes would meet and we would disperse the next instance in haste. The only time I gazed at her without embarrassment was when she did her elaborate gargling and compulsive washing bent over the wash-basin. I yearned to touch her, to put my arm round her waist, to cup the small snow-white heels in my palms and caress them. Often in the reflection of the mirror above the wash-basin, she caught the fire of my intentions glowing in my eyes and hastily withdrew with coquetry.

It's not that I didn't talk to her. I did. "Miss Lola, will you please type this for me?" "One plus one, please". "One plus two, please." "Use my stationery." "Use office stationery." "This is urgent." And never a word from her. The nearest we have been to each other is when she deliberately gets up, thrusting out proud breasts in front of her, and comes over to my desk to hand over the typed sheets. She could easily ask the peon to do it. This conscious gesture, I thought, was encouragement from her side.

Before she brings the typewritten sheets to me, I silently rehearse how I would extend my arm to take the offered sheets and in passing touch her hand. But my mentally rehearsed hand always stood by my side, my throat went dry and I would sweat profusely even to say the routine "Thank you." She would calmly keep the sheets on my desk, pull the saree tightly over her breasts and pinching her delicate nostrils go back to pound the next letter, which instilled fresh hope in me. I keep feeding her with useless correspondence in which the connotations and suggestions of certain words, I hoped, would catch her attention. Such correspondence never went into office files and its sole purpose was to give the opportunity to touch her while she handed the papers back. And I could never do it.

In our office we have lunch in shifts. This prevents the office from looking empty when the customers drop in. Lola has her lunch in the first shift. In the past few days I found her in the same second shift as mine. It meant she had made this arrangement with someone in our shift, as nobody can change over just like that. I took this as a hint for seeking my company. We sat at separate tables meant for women and men and were often the last to leave the dining hall. Except lingering over the food and stealing glances between morsels, I made no progress with her. And while I was wondering if ever I could summon the strength to take the first step, Lola herself made the beginning.

I was halfway through lunch and I suddnely saw Lola coming over to my table. We were alone. Sweat glistened on my throbbing forehead like water drops on a chilled glass of beer. In her hand was a crisp brown vegetable cutlet. Hesitating a bit, she held it in front of me. I took it automatically, without a word and without even looking up at her. The vision before my blood surged eyes was filled with the sensous expanse of her midriff, visible through the bottle green chiffon saree. Before I could swallow the lump in my throat and mutter a thank you, she was gone. After the wild orchestra ceased in my ears and my heart recovered, the cutlet tasted something out of this world, some delicacy meant only for the gods.

At least she could do what I couldn't. The next day I presented with ill concealed nervousness, a large mutton cutlet I specially got prepared for her. She knew I had something to offer her at lunch and lingered around until everyone had left. I felt light in body and spirit. But my heart was as peaceful as a caged rat. A new fear gripped me. I gave up all my friends and overreacted to the least fun made of me. I tore the much-handled letter to pieces. I slept fitfully each night until the dreams exhausted me.

At our first tea party we presided like mourners over a funeral meeting. Suddenly there was nothing to say, except order the waiter and talk a little brokenly about the comparative tastes and tariffs of other hotels. Lola's accepting my second invitation came as a surprise as I was apprehensive whether she would come after the painful and dull first meeting. It was better than the first. At least we smiled when there were no words. In the third meeting, we laughed. In the fourth, we argued. In the fifth, we talked a little about ourselves. In the sixth, we fought and knew our personal preferences and in the seventh meeting we held hands and went to a movie.

The office hours passed quickly. But unpardonable errors still kept creeping into my reports which were discovered only when the Boss called me into his cabin. He always gave me that suspicious look which made me sweat with the fear that he has discovered the cause of my errors. I always wondered whether our Boss with his meticulous search for detail and derisive attitude towards human lapses had ever been in love. And even if he had, I wondered what kind of charts he had drawn up to keep progress of his "short-term goals" and "long-term goals" and how many "heart-to-heart" talks he had with his beloved, with his infernal habit of referring to the notes in his worn-out diary.

Lola was getting prettier and prettier right before my eyes. It's time, I thought, Lola had a few more sarees.

The two silk sarees I bought ate up almost all my savings. And I wondered whether I did the right thing when I came across all that resistance put up by her in accepting the parcel. But she could not conceal the joy when she saw the sarees and readily threw them on her person. For the next two weeks we got lost in the crowded lanes, walking miles and miles in shoes and slippers we selected for each other; stopping for ice-creams; eating at secluded hotels; buying flowers, sweets, pan, anything that took our fancy. We wanted to proclaim our love to the whole world, yet we searched for secluded corners.

What Lola told me when I proposed to her came as a shattering shock. I was prepared to face the worst ordeal coming from outside. But I was least prepared to a flaw from within her. I couldn't believe it!

Somehow I had forgotten to ask who her father was, even after she had corrected me that she is not a Christian as her name suggested. But why of all the million people in this world had Lola to be the daughter of a late Swami who never married her mother? A child born out of wedlock!

Would my orthodox parents accept her? And no man is a man until his father's death, I had read. Mine was very much alive and I knew I could never stand up to him on this particular issue. Strangely the idea of such a person as my wife was not that appealing to me, either. Lola was quick to sense my misgivings and withdrew further and further into herself. All my exuberance suddenly evaporated and our meetings were mere pretence. At times I felt like taking her weeping body in my arms and spilling all my love and tenderness over her even at the cost of estrangement from my parents. But I could not summon that courage. I felt myself being eaten in the guts when I saw the misery she was going through. The melodious notes of her typing gave way to the solemn and pathetic beat of a funeral drum and each beat was a knock on the door of my conscience demanding justice. I had to restrain myself with great difficulty from blowing my top.

I was greatly relieved when after a week she did not turn up for our usual appointment.

Two days later on my office table was a neat packet awaiting me. I knew who had left it. She was nowhere to be seen. I felt myself exposed, spat upon, condemned by the one thing that I had learnt to hold dear. In the evening I went to the beach. I dug a hole in the wet sand and buried the packet. I drew a rough outline of a typewriter on the covered sand and wrote "I love you, Lola" beneath it. As I draggged my feet through the lonely streets towards the city, puffing again on a cigarette I had given up for her sake, I knew that cowards have no right to love.

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SEKAI

NEETU SINGH: MOTHER PLAYED THE VITAL ROLE

Harmeet Kathuria

Asha Sachdev's mother was a stage actress. Today she plays bit roles in films.

Neetu Singh's mother, they say, had once wanted to act in films. Today she plays a major role in her daughter's climb to dizzy success. Not that the dizziness has played on Neetu's mind. Neetu is still such a down-to-earth, simple human being. The only actress who is universally loved by all the other actresses. And that's no small achievement in this back-biting, cut-throat industry.

STEADY CLIMB

The "Mama" (Neetu's or any other actress's) is usually a very unpopular figure. To most film folks she's the stumbling block, the Mount Everest they have to scale to get to the actress. But sometimes, she plays a very constructive role too. Take Neetu's case. She was just thirteen when she (or her mother) decided to put Baby Sonia (**Do Kaliyan, Pavitra Papi**, etc.) on the shelf and re-emerge as Neetu Singh. Thirteen is a very small age for a girl to step into a career — and that too a career like films. Here, even the veterans can get taken for a ride. What's a thirteen-year-old kid?

In her enthusiasm to make her daughter a star, Mama Singh did make a few mistakes early in the career — accepting small films like **Ashiana,** getting her daughter to pose for sexy photographs, etc. But maybe they weren't mistakes after all. It helped Neetu bag a couple of films in better set-ups. And once that started happening, Mama Singh immediately took command of the situation, and thereafter it was a very steady climb upwards.

MAJOR BREAK

Neetu's first major break was **Rickshawala** and it flopped at the box office. Her **Yaadon Ki Baaraat** was a big success but it had Neetu in just a guest appearance. Still, under the expert guidance of her mother, Neetu went on to sign bigger and better films.

Any other career-conscious girl would call Neetu crazy today.

Under the guidance of her mother Neetu has slowly climbed to dizzy heights in the film world. Today, when she is so close to being No. 1, she is refusing to sign for any new films

She is the only serious contender to the Hema-Zeenat sovereignty. And if only she would decide to stick on for a few more years, she has all the chances of becoming No. 1. But Neetu couldn't care less. Today, she couldn't be tempted into signing a film even with the most successful of film-makers such as Ramesh Sippy, Manmohan Desai or Vijay Anand. When most heroines would come running forward to do a film with Amitabh, Neetu has been sending back the signing amounts of films she had signed with him.

And this is Neetu's independent decision. Her mother has always had great ambitions for her daughter — most of them are, of course, fulfilled. Still, in her heart of hearts she would've definitely liked to see her daughter rise to No. 1, specially now when she's so close to claiming the title. But for the sake of her daughter's happiness, she has thrown her own ambitions to the winds and is keeping "mum" about the way her daughter is slowly but definitely leaving films. She has quietly withdrawn into the background to let her daughter do what she wants.

LEAVING FILMS?

As Neetu is preparing to leave films, Mrs. Rajee Singh is making her independent entry into them—as a full-fledged film-producer. She has now launched **Chorni** with Neetu playing the title role. The leading man is not Rishi Kapoor, as one would suppose. Instead, it's Jeetu, the one hero Neetu is working with in most of her films. Jeetu may be a confirmed playboy or a Casanova. But, in his own way, he has some very rigid principles too — Chintu is a very close and dear friend of Jeetu's.

MARRIAGE NOW . . .

And marriage? Yes, it's in the air. Even though neither Chintu nor Neetu have been making any public statements about it, practically everybody knows what the "quit films decision" is in aid of . . .

Photograph : Sunil

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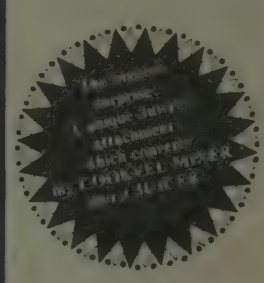

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PASSING THROUGH

DOROTHY CROWFOOT HODGKIN

NOBEL PRIZE WINNER

At first glance, the gentle, unpretentious lady with silvery hair and homely clothes looked like a happy grandmother, and not at all what one might expect a great woman of science and a Nobel Laureate to look like.

Sixty-nine-year-old Dorothy Crowfoot Hodgkin is soft-spoken, affable and shy.

We met at the Indian Institute of Science in Bangalore. Dressed gracefully in a striped cotton frock, Mrs. Hodgkin came out to meet me, for she had been expecting me. Not that she was free even then. She was with a few top scientists of the city and there were sheafs of papers spread out on a huge table. Evidently she was with them in the midst of important scientific work even as her husband was relaxing in an adjacent verandah.

"Actually, I do not work full time now in the laboratory, I more or less retired last year from actual research and now I devote all my time to writing up my findings of all these years," she said when I asked her about her present work. She had come to India on a C. V. Raman Fellowship and was busy giving a series of lectures and participating in seminars and talks.

Dorothy Crowfoot became interested in science at the age of ten. She studied Chemistry at Somerville College, Oxford. It was here that she was introduced to X-ray crystallography research. Later, Dorothy began to work under the famed J. D. Bernal.

Dorothy made X-ray studies of many molecules of biological interest, the most important of of them being penicillin, Vitamin B-12, insulin and proteins. In 1943, she began her work on penicillin, which had been discovered by Fleming in 1929, and isolated 10 years later by Florey and Chain. By then 500 cases had been successfully treated with pencillin. **Her work which earned for her the 1964 Nobel Prize for Chemistry, comprised the study of the overall structure through X-rays of the extremely complicated molecule B-12.** By building up a picture of electron densities, she arrived at a skeletal picture of the B-12 molecule for the first time.

Hodgkin's work helped in the better understanding of the structure of vitamin B-12, which is most commonly used to fight pernicious anaemia. A significant outcome of this work was the synthesis of vitamin B-12.

How do you feel belonging to the galaxy of Nobel Prize winners?

(Smiling) I am one of the two living women Nobel laureates, the other being Rosalyn Yalow. I guess you know about all the others before us like Madame Curie, Elaine Curie and others.

Had you ever been interested iin applied science?

No, my interest has always been in pure science... I have not gone into detailed aspects of the practical applications.

Have you enjoyed your time spent in research?

Yes, of course! It has all been very nice and I have also been fortunate. . .

What was your reaction when you first heard that the Nobel Prize was being awarded to you?

I was in Ghana then, where my husband worked as Director of African Studies. I was delighted. But what made it exciting were the innumerable telegrams that came from all parts of the world. . . so many of them! Our children were not with us... I have two boys and a girl. The youngest, Toby, was then in India, at Gandhigram, doing botanical studies. Luke and family were in Algeria, while Elizabeth was in Zambia.

Any regrets? Did you have to make lot of sacrifices at home for the sake of science?

No. . . I can't say so. . . I have had a nice life. . .

I could see that Dorothy Hodgkin is one who does not like to waste her words or energy on things she is not involved, in. Her life and her time, when it was not for science, is for her family. What impressed me most was the gentle and even tenor of her speech. . . She never raised her voice to emphasize anything. Throughout the interview a smile played unconsciously on her lips, and for the most part her eyes looked dreamy. It was such a surprise to find such an intensely feminine person belonging to the world of high science.

After bidding me goodbye, Dorothy Hodgkins went to the next room, and as I walked out, I noticed her head already bent intently over some scientfiic papers.

Shakuntala Balu

PAPER PATTERN- 6

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The Mother PerSon

Continued from page 11

and dad to a potentially welcome rediscovery of one another.

But meanwhile, in the early years of childrearing, each parent may yearn to disappear alone, even though their time together is limited. Practically this isn't easily achieved, and psychologically it's even more difficult. 'There's that overaching responsibility,' one father remarked, 'and to go off without your partner now is to be faced with guilt, recrimination or whatever.' He's right. Few women willingly send dad off on regular pleasure jaunts or evenings out without resenting the extra time they're asked to be caretaker. 'It's not a matter of lack of goodwill, I don't think,' speculated one mother. 'It's a matter of fatigue, or being worn down.' And of course, the father reacts similarly. Only the rare husband wakes up on Saturday and says cheerfully, 'You take the day off, and I'll handle the kids.'

Many couples find that a partial solution is simply to schedule time when each parent is free for activities of his or her own choice. Yet it isn't easy to dissipate completely the hostility and resentment which flow outward and turn back inward as guilt. The process was well summed up by one father who said, 'Before the kids, when I did things alone, Carol never had the weapon to instill guilt that she now has. But there are times now when I feel guilt and I don't even think Carol is particularly angry. So it's worse on the father if he's at all sensitive, if he has a built-in responsibility factor and affection factor.' While husbands less often seems targets of children's resentments when they go away from home, not many successfully dodge the darts of wives or of their own active consciences. Once again the fault lies not in human failures of generosity but rather in the organization of the family, the raised expectations of individuals for self-fulfilment, and the increased leisure time we've come to judge as our due.

With a child, many parents chafe at the diminishment — or disappearance — of unstructured leisure time...

... Although most of us cannot expect many long timespans of freedom from work, **we still need some periods of unstructured time to examine the directions and possibilities of our lives.** Yet the presence of children inhibits such freedom and institutes a 'kind of life confinement,' as one father defined it. 'I mean what you give up in terms of your reasonable expectations, not just your desires. It's both mental and physical with me.' The freedom to plan, to experiment with different careers, to take up a new sport, all have another 'drag' factor now — concern for the security of the family. **'Every part of your life — every moment, every choice, every decision — the children have to be taken into account. And that kind of restriction is to be the worst thing about having children.'**

In short, many parents believe that the needs of young children and their presence in the household at once force adults to reshape their conceptions of themselves and cut off the possibilities of redefinition. Once a child arrives, we are less the active creators of our own lives and more the observers — and perhaps shapers — of a life outside our own. For many people a subtle change seems to occur in which the family as an entity comes to dominate the individual lives of the partners...

... For some couples, becoming parents restricts the creativity of both partners individually and of the marriage unit as well.

Because most women spend more time with the children than men do, they believe that the major limitations are settled on them. Many spoke of the need for both parents to share child care. One mother asserted. **'The typical life of a mother is all wrong in this society where it's no longer economically or ecologically necessary or good for a woman to have hordes of children which would keep her at home. The society has an obligation to set up a new system in which a woman can fulfil herself outside of mothering. Now a woman has to be a master juggler to get everything in, and that's unfair.'** Another woman agreed, saying that men didn't have to 'give over as much of themselves' to the children.

Yet some women balk at the child-rearing. To make the man child-bearing. 'To make the man share the bringing up of the child would be a very drastic and unnecessary social change. It's unnatural because it's the woman who carries the child, gives birth to it, and feeds it.' Here is the voice of conservatism, citing the biological imperative as if it were a social and economic one as well. Obviously some women remain satisfied with the status quo, but the great majority of those we interviewed would rejoice to hear this mother's story. **'My husband has helped make my independence possible, in spite of two children. We've arranged a schedule so that he keeps the children while I work in the library. We had the same training and he thinks it's unfair that I don't have the same opportunities for a career that he has, so he does all he can to make those opportunities possible.'** Recently this couple decided that the wife will accept a job outside their community, which has no openings for her, even if it means a long commute. 'I don't want' Karen to give up her career just because my job has taken us to a town where there seem to be no possibilities for her, said her husband. This couple has rejected the notion that children require a kind of 'life confinement,' but they've done so only because of their courage, determination and a willingness to make new assessments of money, time and energy.

On another level, **the impossibility of small spontaneous actions represents a kind of confinement to many parents. There's no more sleeping late or lying in bed reading the paper; no more going to two movies on a Sunday or taking a nocturnal walk at ten o'clock. Such activities now must be arranged and because they seem frivolous, lacking the quality of an 'event,' they most often disappear.** 'I'm restless and enjoy spontaneous acts like going for a hot dog late at night,' explained one woman. 'I hate schedules, but kids need them. When mother took the children for a week, Joe and I just stayed home for a vacation. It was wonderful. We ate when and if we got hungry — none of this three meals a day at set times. We walked out of the house when we wanted to. I think being at home without the kids was as much fun as travelling.'

Children also interfere in the sex lives of their parents. 'Romance? Forget it,' advised one mother. 'There's no more privacy and no time.' Parental exhaustion at bedtime, a common state, doesn't encourage sexual enthusiasm, yet adults can't win many races with young children for morning wakefulness. 'And we can't lock our bedroom door,' continued the frustrated father of a toddler. 'Becky just stands there and beats on it.' The unpalatable truth comes near

Brahm Dev

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AMA-GH

one woman's lament that sex ecomes something that has to programmed.'

Other people discover related roblems. **Some women feel hat the role of mother fights exuality.** — 'Wife and Mother eem incompatible to me,' explained one woman. Theoretically ou should feel stronger sexual- after you've borne children— he full expression of feminity nd all that — but I didn't. **When my children were both preschoolers, I felt like a eunuch. wouldn't have been interested f Paul Newman had walked in, tark.'** Lack of interest in sex becomes positive avoidance in ome cases. One father explained, 'There comes a time when ou're fearful of sex because ou associate it with children— nd they're the ones who messed up sex to begin with. I don't know who it has the most impact on, the male or the female, but it's tremendous on both.' **Fatigue, lack of time alone one woman reported asking her husband for a date), the needs f children, and new concepts f self, all call for ingenuity in keeping one's life breathing at ll — forget the panting stage.**

'Equally important is the children's interference with the emotional and intellectual life you have with your partner,' said one father who teaches at a suburban university. A colleague agreed, adding, 'before the kids, he things we were doing fed ou marriage. We both had our projects and we interested one nother in them. Now there's ot enough of what we're doing rofessionally that's sharable, nd there's no time to share it ecause of the kids.' As so often appens, this husband has continued to move up the academic ladder, while the wife has become a part-time teacher, annually facing the same elementary courses in their shared ield. But even when the wife ontinues to pursue her career ull-time, the communication vith her husband assumes a new hape, as another academic ouple indicated. 'We were intellectual equals and colleagues n the full sense of the term ntil Thomas arrived. Now we nd ourselves talking mostly bout him.' But of course **any dult activity, whether pure entertainment, hobby or career, omes into competition with a hild too young to share it.** Many couples find their hobbies n conflict with the needs of a mall child. We either table uch activities until our children are old enough to join us, or we find ourselves blessed with relatives or sitters who occasionally stand in for us.

Another revision in the mental life of new parents concerns the relative dominance of the baby in our thoughts and conversation. Just as children often dominate mothers' social conversation, so they similarly usurp the position of major talk topic for the couple. This of course is a matter of choice, but there's a pernicious element in yielding all prime time to tales about the toddler. 'We prefer and find it easier to talk about him rather than something else. He's at a precocious stage when what he does is cute and fun. And we compare him all the time to everybody else's children.' Granted, discussing one's children is a major source of pleasure, and no one suggests that infancy and toddlerhood vanish unremarked. Nevertheless, couples can drift into an obsession with child analysis, recounting cute anecdotes that have little meaning outside their home, or into a state of competitive anguish or triumph by measuring their own brood against another. Beyond a certain measure, such conversations become self-limiting, gradually confining the adults' mutual interests to the home.

Unfortunately, for the mother shut in with small children, few other topics are easily available. One woman laughingly told of the time she and her husband sat down at a nice French restaurant to celebrate their anniversary, and, she said, 'As soon as our drinks were served, I told him, "Lucy's son had six bowel movements in an hour!" '

The degree to which women want to 'get away' conversationally from their children varies, but all the mothers we interviewed were aware of their difficulty in doing so. Nevertheless, some women believe they have found solutions. Betty, an economist with two children whose work schedule allows her much time at home, claims that she and her husband talk more interestingly now. 'All the trivia has disappeared. We talk more about important matters, and there's a lot less "waste" in our lives now.' Betty and her husband enjoy discussing their children, but much of the small talk has otherwise disappeared.

The friendship patterns on which formerly childless couples once thrived also change. Old friends aren't always perceptive about the requirements new parents face or receptive to much conversation about a child. A father of two noted, 'We had lots of single, kookie friends, but a child takes the wind out of such friendships. Singles expect an intensity from friendship that as parents you can't give much anymore. Also, when they come around, they start making an important intellectual point, and I'm talking baby talk.' **Shared interests cause parents to gravitate to other parents, but that also has draw backs** — namely, the other parents' children. 'If I go to the effort to get my kids taken care of and then go to dinner where somebody else's kids are still up, I get annoyed. I'd rather not be there because it's such a waste of time. Other people's kids are even worse than they usually seem after you've gone to the trouble of settling your own. For this reason, some couples invite guests to dinner after eight o'clock, when the children are in bed. Others hire baby sitters even when the party is at their house; still others take their children with them, hiring a sitter in conjunction with the host. There are solutions, none perfect, but many workable and liberating.

It's possible to form new friendships after becoming parents, although more difficult. One couple who moved to a suburban community spoke of their lack of time to seek out people they enjoyed. 'Children make it impossible to look, so you give up. It knocks some of the curiosity out of life, and the stimulation of new friends. That's one reason conversation at home changes, because you're not being inspired by new people. So you fall back on the children.' Perhaps this is overstated, for children's activities, eventually introduce groups of parents to one another. And though your four-year-old may urge on you the mom and dad of another four-year-old, it needn't be all bad — you may discover a mutual interest...in something... other than...the children.

But almost any planned diversion for children falls apart when working day for adults comes to an end. 'What happens when you've put in a hard day at work and you come home ready for a little relaxation, and the kids jump you?' asked one father, who then answered for himself: 'I feel I'm falling apart at the seams.' The mother who has worked all day at home or at the office feels the same. Unfortunately children rarely seem more intrusive on adult life and needs than they do at this hour.

Weekends seem to provoke similar hostilities. **For adults there's a kind of sublimal disappointment in recognizing that not even weekends provide much time for relaxation together,** and they may unconsciously resent the children's presence. Husband and wife now have an opportunity to observe — and possibly disapprove of — one another's childrearing techniques. Some parents capitulate to their new circumstances with little protest. 'Our weekends have become family-oriented now. We've decided since we can't get anything for ourselves that we used to have, we might as well figure out a way to make the family go better. So we both do something with the children.' Other couples prefer to divide the duty, hire sitters or invite other children to the house. But on some weekend or other, everyone must have felt what this father expressed. 'I find myself often without resources in terms of Andrew (his four-year-old son). Going to a movie is interesting for him, but you couldn't call it spending time creatively. Yet I don't at all like sitting down with arts and crafts things. And although he loves to go to the zoo or the museum, I don't. So we do feel we stash him in front of the TV too often.' **As the child matures and develops his own interests, this particular pressure subsides.** New ones emerge, but it's the various intrusions and disruptions of infants and toddlers that cause many parents to identify with this father. 'A part of me sees the ideal father as one who (spends) a couple of hours in the evening relating beautifully to the children and then turning them back over to the (maid). I don't want to saddle my wife with them either — I want her.'

(To be continued)

Readers who would like to obtain the book may write to the India Book House Mail Order Service, Mahalaxmi Chambers, 22 Bhulabhai Desai Road, Bombay 400 026.
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PADMA CHAR

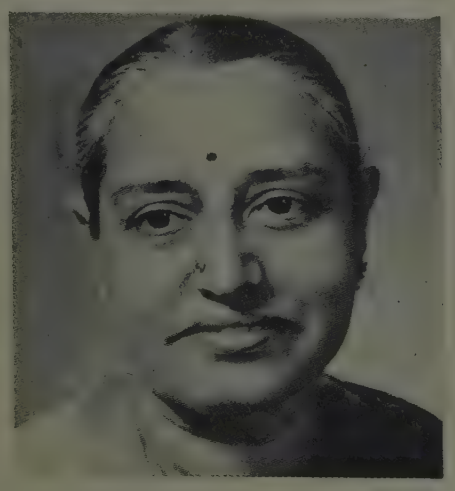
CACTUS COLLECTOR

A veritable paradise of cacti and succulents can be found by any cacti lover at Padmalaya in Matunga. The terrace garden of Mrs. Padma Char, secretary of the Cactus and Succulent Society, contains 300 species of cacti, as well as 60 to 70 bonzai and various other plants.

When asked what made her take to cacti, she said: "I have always been very fond of plants and when I came to Bombay from Bangalore I became a member of the Cactus Society and since then I have not looked back"

"How did you manage to collect so many species?" "I got quite a few from the members of the society. I also bought some. Wherever I go for a holiday I visit nurseries and I go for various shows. When my friends go abroad they get me some cacti. I remember once when we had gone to Bangalore I saw the crest of a cactus called **Cereus Margineta Cristate** on a tree, about 15 to 20 feet high and the tree was being cut down. I got someone to climb up the tree and get it for me; people told me that it would not take root here, but it did. I also get some species by cross-pollination and grafting."

Plants take up most of her time. Besides tending her plants, she gives lectures, writes pamplets. She has about 500-600 peo-



ple coming home to see her collection every year, and she has to organize the shows. "I used to play tennis. I was Maharashtra's No 2 player, but now I have given it up."

What about your family, do they share your love for plants'? "Yes, my husband and sons are also very fond of plants and without their co-operation I couldn't do so much on my own."

Of the Society, she said. "We have about 500 members right from the affluent class to the lower middle-class. We even have members from Ghana, Japan and U.K. We are trying to get people interested in cacti, we have slide shows and whenever people who are connected with cacti come to India we invite them to give talks. We have a newsletter in which members write articles on how to care for plants.

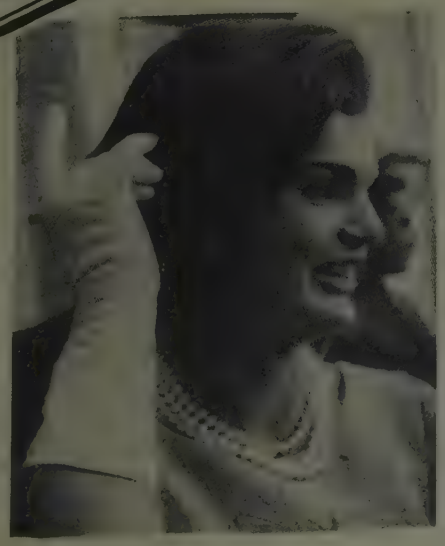
"Then we hold shows and competitions. At the general body meeting we decide how many shows we will hold that year, and holding a show is a lot of work. We have to get licences for premises, entertainment, police permission; it takes two to three months before everything is finalized. Early in 1970 we had discontinued the competitions because there was not much of a competition with the same member getting the rolling shield. But this year we have decided to have it again; we'll see how it works out."

There are 8,000 known species of cacti and Padma Char has still a long way to go in her cactus collection.

Chitra Rao

exclusive pre-view

"JACKIE OH!"



"Jackie Oh!" is a new book about the woman people never seem to know enough about. About to be released in India by Vikas Publishing House Pvt. Ltd., it promises to tell previously untold tales about Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Starting with the issue dated April 7 we offer you an exclusive sneak pre-view with two chapters that give details of her life as Mrs. Onassis.

ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Continued from page 37

fresh out of art school having solo shows. It is not that easy. One has to mature and the art form of the individual must evolve fully before you can embark on such a project. It is something that cannot be rushed or forced. It only comes with age.

For instance, I did landscapes and portraits in the very beginning but gave it up totally, for if you want to draw a mere likeness you can achieve as much, if not more, with photography. But of course the initial training in object painting is essential and helps to build an eye for colour or form. It is as essential as going to school or college before going on to higher education. It is a stepping stone and not the end.

Have you ever thought of teaching art? Does the teacher-cum-artist have a fresher outlook because he is in the midst of eager young people, ready to experiment and innovate; and in seeking solutions to their artistic problems he has to plumb the depths of his own creativity?

I did think of teaching a long time ago, but I feel teaching is necessary only for financial security. For the serious artist teaching is out of the question; it can be very tiring. After a day's stint in a classroom I don't think there will be much energy left for creative painting. I have very little time left and at this age I cannot afford to waste a single moment of what is left to me.

What is your method of working?

When I am at home I work regularly in the mornings. I do not start with any preconceived notion. The painting just evolves gradually and at times I take weeks to finish a canvas. Although I find my tours, out of India, very exhilarating, I feel the urge to come back after a while, and I find I work best in India. My roots are here.

Damayanti's paintings have been purchased by the Punjab Museum, the West Berlin Museum of Modern Art, the French Ministry of Cultural Affairs, and by private collectors in India, Europe and the United States. She does not like tilting her works, though for the purpose of catalogues she is forced to attach a name.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

The Indian Bonsai Society will be holding its second exhibition of miniature trees and landscapes from April 8 to 10, 1979, at the Coomaraswamy Hall. Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali will inaugurate the exhibition.

The Indian Bonsai Society, which was founded in January 1972, has grown in the last few years and has a membership of nearly 200 members. The Society, which aims at popularising this ancient Japanese Art, holds regular workshop meetings and lecture-demonstrations.

* * *

The Saturday Night Sensation held at the Oberoi Sheraton was a well-attended event, organised in collaboration with Silhouette, and Sheikha fashion boutique.

The theme — a Black and White Extravaganza — was artistically choreographed by Jeannie Naoroji in a non-stop musical revue with modern dance, ballet and a comic skit. The audience's participation was especially prominent.

The models were accompanied by Astaad, the principal dancer. The hilarious Roman skit which opened the fashion show was enacted by Hosi Vasunia, Ronnie Screwalla and Dhun Billimoria.

DELHI

Mr. George Fernandes, Union Minister for Industry, hosted a lunch at Hotel Oberoi International in honour of the Minister of Trade and Industry from Indonesia, Mr. A. R. Soeherd. Other distinguished guests included Union Minister for Steel Mr. Biju Patnaik and Mr. K. B. Lall, India's ex-ambassador to Brussels.

* * *

Rich tributes were paid to Mirza Ghalib at a function held at the Ghalib Academy, Nizamuddin, to observe his 110th death anniversary and the 10th Foundation Day of the Ghalib Academy. The function was presided over by Mr. Zulfiqarulla, Union Minister of State for Finance. The Union External Affairs Minister, Mr. Atal Behari Vajpayee, who was the chief guest, urged the Ghalib Academy to make Ghalib's work accessible to more people by translating it into several languages and assured all help to the Academy for the venture.

CALCUTTA

The British Council and the Calcutta School of Music's programme of vocal music by "The Scholars" from Britain was a presentation that both educated and delighted the audience present at Kala Mandir. They gave an almost historical review of group singing which covered madrigals, glees, folk songs and Shakespearean songs, all presented with professional showmanship and scholarship. The group comprised Michael Leighton Jones, David Van Asch, Nigel Dixon, Robin Doveton and Shelagh Molyneux.

MADRAS

Mrs. Jothi Venkatachellum, Governor of Kerala, addressed the 25th Annual Convocation of the Madras School of Social Work. She advised the graduates to use the qualities of love, sympathy and compassion in their dealings, and to rise above feelings

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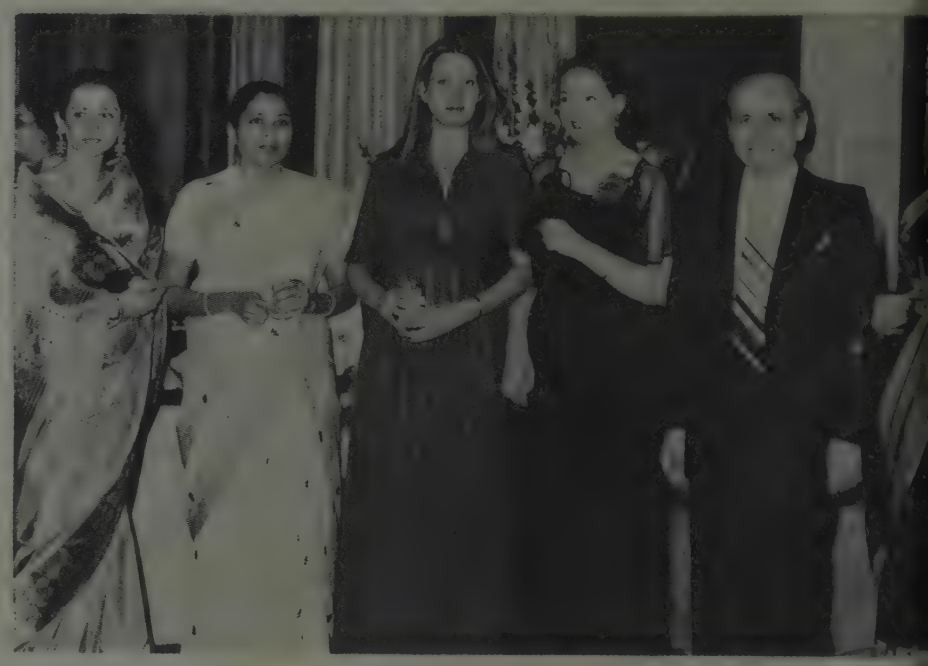

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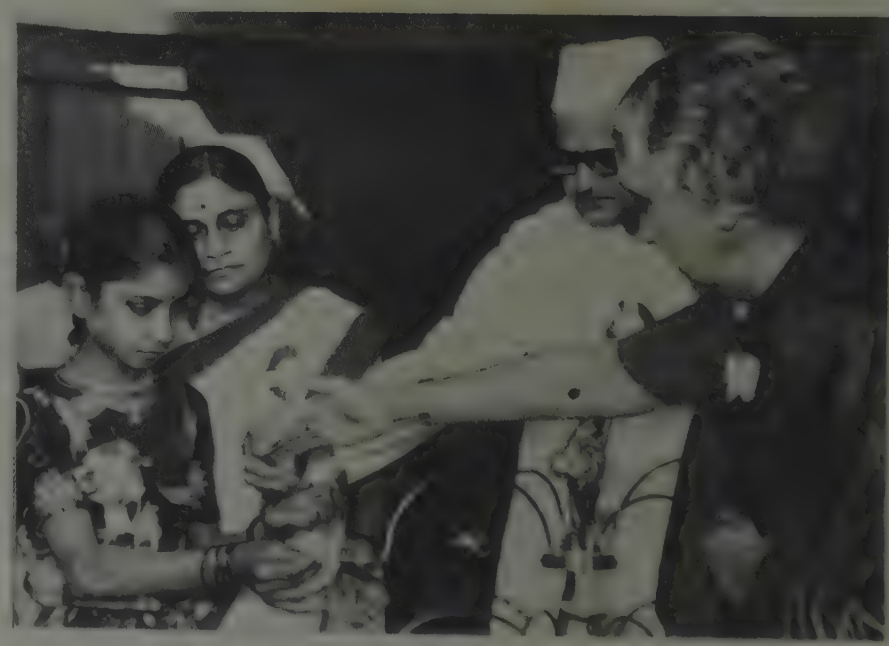
1. Dr. Madhuri Shah, Vice-Chancellor, SNDT University, addresses the Zonta Club of Bombay I at their Inter-School Essay Competition Prize Distribution function. Seen seated from left are, Mrs. Manju Shah, vice-president, Mrs. Tannaz Tarapore, president, Mrs. Bhanu Patel, treasurer and Mrs. Villi Lavangia, chairman, Prize Distribution Committee.

2. The Consul-General of the Syrian Arab Republic, Mr. Sobhi El-Ejel, held a function to celebrate the anniversary of the 8th March Revolution. Seen on the occasion are from left, Saira Banu, Mrs. Pratibha Pawar, wife of Maharashtra's Chief Minister Mrs. Aburish, wife of the manager, Kuwait Airways, Mrs. and Mr. El-Ejel, and Mrs. M. Deora.

3. Sharmila Tagore inaugurated an exhibition of sarees organised in Bombay by Tinkoo Kundu (right) and Dipa Motwani of 'Ahorika'.



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of caste and creed. Earlier, she laid the foundation stone for the new school building.

* * *

The Tamil Nadu Minister for Agriculture and Irrigation, Mr. P. Kulandaivelu, inaugurated the 'Sunola' (sunflower oil) distribution campaign through the National Association of Educated Unemployed Youth. Prizes were distributed to the winners of the Sunola Window Display Contest. Mr. N. Hari Bhaskar, Secretary, Agriculture Department of the Tamil Nadu Government presided.

BANGALORE

The Zonta Club of Bangalore organised an interior decoration and fashion show: "Career fashions and colours" in collaboration with Jenson and Nicholson, Fazal Jeans Centre and Roopika Silks. The outfits were designed by Laly Pattu, and the show was compered by Rima Kashyap. Stereo Shack provided the music.

Mrs. Leela Ramanathan, President of the Club, welcomed the gathering. The show was organised to collect funds for a school for handicapped children.

* * *

A seminar on "Woman Executives: Problems and Prospects", organised by the Bangalore Management Association, was inaugurated by Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain. The Convener was Mrs. Kavery Nadamangalam. Dr. Selvie Das, Director of Collegiate Education, Karnataka, presided.

Mrs. Sarala Subramaniam of Sarala Chemicals spoke on "Women entrepreneurs — new challenges", Stella Faria and Laxam Sankaran, a marketing consultant, discussed "Women Executives — today's phenomenon and tomorrow's reality," while B.Kamala, assistant general manager, wanted women to take pride in their career achievements and not treat jobs as a mere pastime.

Rima Kashyap, from the Indian Express, discussed the status of women in the newspaper industry, while Miss T. Dawson of H.M.T. focussed attention on women executives in industries. Miss Pramila, a member of the Legislative Council, condemned the attitude of men, who still considered this world as their own, and created difficulties for women.

LUCKNOW

The Railway Women's Organisation and Research Designs and Standards Organisation, Lucknow, presented a cultural programme of Odissi dance by the well-known artiste, Madhvi Mudgal at Ravindralaya, in aid of local charities and to raise funds for their welfare activities. This is a purely voluntary organisation engaged in doing welfare work. The chief guest on the occasion was Mr. D. K. Bhattacharya, Chief Secretary to the Government of Uttar Pradesh.

A CORRECTION

A couple of errors crept inadvertently into the article "Sex during illness and pregnancy" in our issue dated February 24, 1979. Under the sub-heading 'Sex and liver disease', the sentence should read: "The anxieties of patients suffering from alcoholic liver disease, infectious hepatitis (jaundice) and serum (and not 'severe' as printed) hepatitis centre around real and imagined dangers..."

Under the sub-heading 'Sex in the second trimester', the sentence should read: "There is no reason to refrain from sexual activity during this period, except in those cases where there is evidence of incompetent os."

The author of the article on Women MPs (March 10) is Kumkum Chadha, not Kumkum Chanda as printed.

5

6

4. Savita, the daughter of a labourer, inaugurates the state-level women's conference sponsored by the Self-Employed Women's Assn. (SEWA) and the Governor of Gujarat Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee (ext.) right). Mrs. Ela Bhatt, sec. and Mr. Arvind Buch, pres. SEWA, look on.

5. Mrs. Sunanda Sinha, Sales Manager, Hotel Oberoi Intercontinental, welcoming Mr. George Fernandes, Union Minister for Industries, at a luncheon hosted by him for Mr. A. R. Soeherd (right) Indonesia's Minister for Trade and Industry.

6. Mira Mozoomdar, director, Calcutta Doordarshan and chief guest at the inauguration of the series of talks organised by the Combination Club, Calcutta (seated, right) seen with secretary Mohini Bhabnani and members of the Club.

7. Designer Laly Pattu, (ext. left) seen with the models of a fashion show organised by the Zonta Club of Bangalore.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK APR. 1 — APR. 7 1979

John Naylor

IF YOUR BIRTHDAY'S THIS WEEK

You will have unusual chances to realise your ambitions. Have confidence, for you'll find success, enjoy what you do — and also make good profit. You MIGHT move to another environment this coming year if this is your desire but it is more likely to occur in 1981/82. However, it is a rather happy and tranquil year, domestically and, if a parent, you will rejoice at the achievements of youngsters in the family. Romance beckons throughout the year, could be exciting but perhaps also complicated around September/October, due to too many attractive alternatives!

ARIES
(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

The Sun is in Aries, giving added vitality and increasing your natural enthusiasm. Shortly, other favourable transists will be aiding your affairs too. If you have changes in mind, get busy on these. It's an 'opportunity phase'.

TAURUS
(Apr 21 — May 21)

Exciting times are on the way but this present period is one of promise, rather than action. However, anything new you begin will prosper in the months ahead. Review your leisure programme, consider joining a club which will benefit you businesswise as well as bring relaxation.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

Several planets on the Midheaven of your Solar chart are a splendid portent for your worldly hopes and ambitions. Fresh opportunities will offer as the year progresses. There are plenty of chances to flirt and have fun but a serious romance may elude you until nearer your birthday, if you are single.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

Make a more expensive plan for the future and remember that only lack of drive can hold you back. Be sure to keep in the swim, socially, for you will be thrown together with some influential people. Travel stars are strong.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)

Several planets are in favourable aspect to your sign and later this month Jupiter again enters Leo. These factors add up to a fortunate period which takes you into September at least. Get ideas and plans into definite shape.

VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

You are probably finding people somewhat unreliable keeping you hanging on a string. This pattern continues for a week or two but don't take it too seriously. The good news is that Mars moves out of opposition to your sign as this week ends so that health should improve as well as your spirits.

LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Accept the fact that others will have the luck and the advantages over the next several weeks and will therefore take the lead. You won't have much choice, really, but to fit in with their ideas and arrangements. In close relationships, employ your famous Libra tact.

SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

The starry picture is mainly helpful to you, giving you added appeal as well as energy. Your morale will get a boost from an unexpected quarter. There is a strong accent on romance and social life but, shortly, you will be more involved with career issues.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Home and family affairs are emphasized, with relatives much in the picture and having something special to offer. If a friend needs a hand, it will be your turn to be thoughtful. If unattached, the next few weeks bring promising meetings.

CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Your present and future starry pattern shows travel, movement and changes ahead — all rather working to your advantage. So be happy to ease yourself out of a comfortable little rut. You could revise your ideas — and possibly your fortunes — if you are alert to opportunities.

AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Restless stars will be influencing you but put this to constructive use; don't run around in circles. Be quite ruthless in throwing out tasks, activities, perhaps some relationships, which have outlived their usefulness.

PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Mars moves out of your sign this week so you might not be quite so enthusiastic about a fresh responsibility accepted recently. However, this planet's effect will have been mainly helpful, giving you a feeling of vigour and optimism, a positive mood. Venus and Mercury remain in Pisces, aiding relationships, bringing the odd stroke of luck.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW SYNDROME

Continued from page 13

This one, though crudely, does put the idea across.

He is mine
He is mine
Why do you whine
Oh mother-in-law of mine?
When in pins and diapers
He was yours
In suit and boots
He is mine.
As an unsure toddler
He followed you
A confident young man
Is for me to woo.
Each paisa you saved
You spent on him
But his fat pay packet
Is to satisfy my whim

So it goes on and on — a claim put forth by the daughter-in-law in public. Yes, it is true the mother has to let go of the son to some extent so the wife can have a husband.

All said and done, the magic word seems to be 'understanding'. With it comes adjustment, co-operation, co-ordination. Understanding can only develop with a two-way communication, only this can easily remove small misunderstandings and doubts, and avoid the piling up of unnecessary resentment and tension.

I quote Germaine Greer: "In a traditional set-up the wife enters her husband's/stranger's house literally at the mercy of her mother-in-law. She is naturally both apprehensive and defensive and as a result of generations of conditioning stoically prepares herself for the worst, quite forgetting that the mother-in-law too once functioned in the role of a daughter-in-law. If a woman-to-woman dialogue were initiated, many mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law would find they had enough in common to build a meaningful relationship around — reaching out with love to know each other as persons, not as stereotypes of a role"

Communication and understanding is that much easier if the people involved are on the same wavelength Social, cultural, educational, economic equality do help in so far as they reduce the areas of disparity and vital differences.

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